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THE BYSTANDER May 31, 1939

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Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10.

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The Bystander

Anthony

The Lady Iris Mountbatten

Lady Iris Mountbatten is doing her third season this year, having come out as a seventeen-year-old debutante in the Coronation season—she was one of the Queen's trainbearers at the Coronation itself. After her second season she found that being a socialite wasn't enough, and that going to plays and films and the ballet didn't satisfy her love of the theatre, so she went to the London Theatre Studio, and there, under Michel St. Denis, she is studying stage production, design and decor. She is the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, a granddaughter of Princess Beatrice, niece of the Queen of Spain, and second cousin of the King. She lives with her parents at Kensington Palace

Marshal of the R.A.F. *Lord Trenchard, the most distinguished R.A.F. veteran watching Service aeroplanes on parade at Northolt last week, talked technicalities to Air-Marshal Sir Wilfred Freeman, member of the Air Council for Research and Development. Much speculation surrounds Lord Trenchard since the significant mention of his name in the "Times" "Tired Ministers" leader last week, as an example of the "kind of expert . . . too little used"*

Women M.P.'s *turned up in force to see the R.A.F. display arranged at Northolt last Tuesday, specially for the benefit of Members of Parliament. In this gazing group are Conservative Irene Ward (Wallsend), Labour Mrs. J. Adamson (Dartford), Lord Marchwood, Conservative Thelma Cazalet (Islington), Mrs. A. H. Orlebar, wife of Group-Capt. Orlebar who commands at Northolt, and Labour Ellen Wilkinson (Jarrow)*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT looks as if the Anglo-Soviet Pact will be brought off after all before the Axis does anything drastic. Both sides have gone so far in offering reasonable terms to each other that surely neither of them can draw back now. If, and when, the Pact is signed, the Axis will have to stop screaming about their 150,000,000 solid bloc. The Anglo-French-Turkish-Polish-Rumanian-Greek-Russian bloc will make 150,000,000 seem a little bagatelle, even if you throw in Albania and Lichtenstein.

IT is pathetic how little attention is paid nowadays to the meetings of the Council of the League of Nations. Years ago these meetings were the most important diplomatic conferences of the year, and were often attended by eight or ten Foreign Secretaries or Prime Ministers. Now a Council is simply used as a device for postponing inconvenient obligations. Last week the Council refused to do anything about the war in China, or to discuss Albania, or to consider the appeal from Dr. Benes against the annexation of his country.

IN these circumstances it certainly seems to me to be simply an ironic gesture for Lord Halifax to bring Britain's recent treaties "within the framework of the League." First of all you knock a building down, and then you say that all your subsequent actions will be inside the non-existing framework. It is absurd to pretend that this is the first step towards the reconstruction of the League. The first step towards that would be some sort of effort to carry out the obligations of the Covenant, which at the moment are simply being ignored.

THE Back-Benchers of the Government are not happy about the Palestine White Paper. More than 120 of them abstained from voting, and a number of them voted against it. The more one looks at the recommendations of the Paper, the more one is uneasy about them. It is surely utterly wrong to crystallise the Jewish position in Palestine into one of permanent minority. If the new policy is carried out and in ten years' time Palestine becomes an independent State governed by an Arab majority, what is to prevent the Arabs expelling all the Jews suddenly as other countries have done in the last year or two?

IT is now seven weeks ago that the Prime Minister promised a Bill to establish a Ministry of Supply. Nothing has yet happened, and Mr. Burgin sits in an unofficial office unofficially considering his unofficial plans. The whole episode of the establishment of the Ministry is a grotesque farce. There is no good in blinking at facts. Sir Thomas Inskip, that amiable barrister, was not exactly an earth-shattering figure at the Co-ordination Ministry, and Mr. Burgin, that amiable solicitor, does not strike terror into any totalitarian heart.

"THE TIMES" during the last few months has printed one or two startling leading articles. One was the famous Sudeten "betrayal" article; another explained away the Polish pledge; and a third said that Danzig was not worth a war. Now it has followed these up with an extraordinary one about the Government. It took for a text Lord Runciman's return from a long convalescent tour in the Far East, and preached a sermon on the theme that Ministers who are tired ought to resign rather than hang on to office during convalescent tours. They could resign in these circumstances, says *The Times*, and return to office without a blot on their scutcheons. And then came the most remarkable sentence of all: "The Government is notoriously weak in much of its personnel."

WHAT exactly *The Times* wants is not quite clear. The only name mentioned in the article was that of Lord Trenchard. But people who understand the close ties which link Mr. Chamberlain to that journal need not be told that there is something in the wind. Those Ministers who perhaps do not feel tired, but who think that other people think they are tired, will do well to consider their resignations in the near future. Coming on top of *The Times'* leader, resignations will appear to be patriotic. But the ones that come in a few months will certainly give the impression that they have been forced.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, "King" of London, and his pals in the L.C.C. majority, have just brilliantly tumbled to

The Leader of the Opposition *was among the two hundred M.P.'s who went down to Northolt. With Major Attlee here are Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of Air Staff, and Lord Londonderry, Chief Commissioner of the Civil Air Guard and ex-Air Minister. Besides watching mass flights, air drill, aerobatics, and bombing, the guests saw two new and very secret 'planes fly over their heads*

Lord Rosebery *looked confident on Tuesday at Epsom: by the same time next day he looked happier still, having won his first Derby with Blue Peter, E. Smith up. The result, for backers, matched the perfect weather, with the favourite winning, and second and third out of the next three shortest priced horses. Talking to Lord Rosebery in this Tuesday snapshot were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and Lord Harewood*

a fact which was evident to poor boobs like myself a long while ago. It simply is this—that their swagger new Waterloo Bridge will dump traffic into the Strand faster than the Strand can absorb it. Now, Mr. Morrison, and pals, hastily want to buy the Lyceum site to make a big round-about. Another two millions on to the original bridge estimate of £1½ millions. Grin, boys, and pay up. You've lost Rennie's bridge for £3½ millions, but you've still got Mr. Morrison. And pals.

THIS year's Finance Bill has some new provisions for checking the tax-dodger, but I have no doubt that those patriots who are rich enough to employ a lawyer or a chartered accountant will soon be ahead of the game again. But what about the Law Society and the Institute of Chartered Accountants? Couldn't they possibly discover at interminably long last that, in actual effect, their closely-protected Trade Unions were engaged in public swindles?

IF ever a country has made a hullabaloo—with complete justice—about Freedom, it is Ireland. She never wavered in her lawful demand. And now the literary censorship in Eire is as rigid as in any totalitarian country, and soon it may be worse. Thousands of books are prohibited. The latest on the list is Sean O'Casey's autobiography, *I Knock on the Door*. You may knock, Mr. O'Casey, but you won't get in. Liberty Hall is the first thing that Liberty has pulled down.

FLYING to Java, sweet pussy-cats, must have given me wanderlust, because I have just been to Aberdeen. It's wonderful how we Grub Street hacks get about. (Join the National Institute of Journalists and see the world.) What should I find in Aberdeen (don't try to answer this one; it's rhetorical), but a theatrical repertory company under the directorship of my friend, Mr. A. R. Whatmore? He is running a most successful seven-week season, and even the tough Aberdonians are delighted with his Company. They often pay to go in.

WHILE I was in Aberdeen I heard this sweet little story. It was going to cost several hundred pounds to provide the Infirmary with black sateen blinds for air-raid black-outs, so some patriotic ladies of Aberdeen are giving their services free for making them. But they have drawn the line at carrying out the latest special instructions of the authorities, and so a special employee of the Infirmary has been turned on to this special work. This consists of embroidering each blind with the number of the ward it is to darken, with the letters "A.R.P.," and with an encircling garland of forget-me-knots. The Infirmary officials who gave the order for this fancy work thus give a classic example of the blind sewing the blind.

ERNST TOLLER was best known in this country for his play, *Hoppla*. Indeed, there was a time after the war when hardly a single Sunday passed without *Hoppla* being produced by some private play-producing society. Toller was a man of intense sincerity, but I do not think he was a great playwright. Expressionism, which was his line, fell out of fashion, but Toller did not move with the times.

THERE is a steadily increasing tendency in the public prints of London town to steal, without a blush and without a vestige of acknowledgment, jokes and pictures from the *New Yorker*. Last Sunday I found that stolen property from the *New Yorker* of the previous week had been received by no fewer than five journalistic and Sabbatical fences. This surely lacks subtlety. They ought to steal from back-numbers.

FIRST-CLASS cricket has made a good, snappy start, thanks entirely to one or two of the county captains who are determined to play for a result instead of the boring draws which disfigure the game. The leader, so to speak, of these bright sparks is Mr. Sellers, of Yorkshire. The people who ought to study his example are the captains of Winchester, Eton, and Harrow, who never seem to get results in their annual school treats.

THE headlines in the *Observer*, "Fires at Seaside Hotels. I.R.A. Suspected," seem to me to be a little unfair. Our standards of comfort in hostelries are still sub-American, but surely, unless definitely proved to the contrary, some credit might go to the managements.

I HAVE sad news for Mr. Wyndham Lewis. In my travels in the Far East I found that "The Passing Hour" is read by everyone. It practically guides the policy of States and colonies. But whenever I asked anyone what they thought of "Standing By," the answer was always the same: "Oh, we never read it. We thought it was some kind of advertisement." Isn't that just too bad, Mr. Lewis? I *am* sorry.

OVERHEARD at the Ivy Restaurant: Mr. Noel Coward (to Mr. Compton Mackenzie): "Hullo, you've grown a moustache."

Mr. C. M.: "Yes, like ex-King Zog."

Mr. N. C.: "But your's is zoglier" (walks away quickly, and, I think, rightly).

Charities

The Derby Ball and a Film Premiere

Programme-Sellers and Chairman of the "Elephants Never Forget" Premiere

Lady Rose Paget and Lady Jean Ogilvy, Lord Airlie's eldest daughter, were two of the young socialites selling programmes at the London Pavilion

Lady Dufferin and Ava was one of the four joint chairmen of the gala premiere. With her is her husband who next day moved approval of the Government's Palestine policy in the House of Lords

Another trio of sellers of "Elephants programmes were Juliet Colman, Mary Lady Moira Butler. The Duchess of present at the premiere at the London was given in aid of the Invalid Kitchens

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Crosby arrived in London on their honeymoon in time for the Derby Ball. He is Bing Crosby's brother and manager, and she is Florence George, the American singer

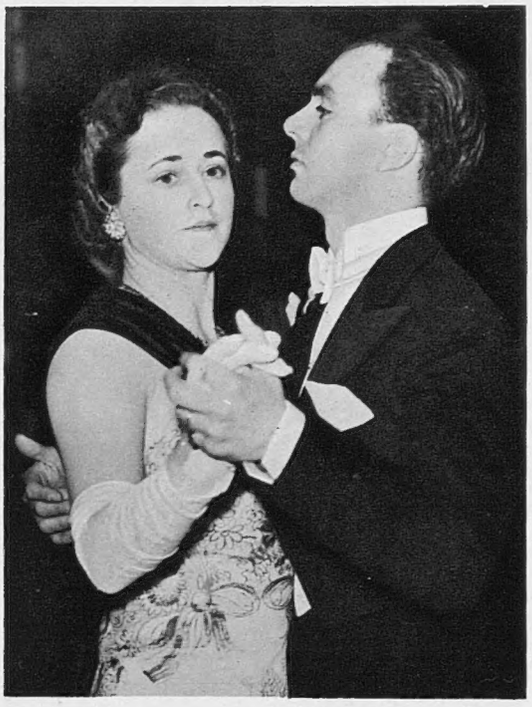
The Duchess of Kent with Sir John Milbanke and the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie

Both the Duke and Duchess of Kent were at the Derby Ball, and dined beforehand with the Pleydell-Bouveries. At the Ball, the Duchess sat between the husbands of the two joint chairmen, Sir John Milbanke and the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie. The latter, Lord Radnor's youngest brother, married the former Mrs. James Field last autumn, and they came back from a three-months' visit to America in April

Lady Elizabeth Scott and

Never Forget" FitzRoy, and Gloucester was Pavilion which of London

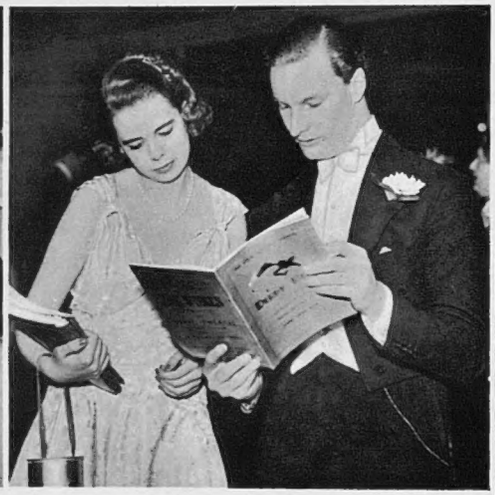
Rosalind Garton, Elizabeth Erskine-Crum, and Diana and Patricia Ralli were also on duty at the London Pavilion. Miss Erskine-Crum organised the programme-sellers, and was presented to the Duchess of Gloucester. (Pictures of the film appeared in last week's "Bystander")



Derby Ball Committee Chairman

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, here dancing with Prince Aly Khan, was joint chairman with Lady Milbanke of the Derby Ball in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital (Rosemary Ednam Ward). She and Lady Milbanke have for several years now made the Ball, an annual event on Monday of Derby Week, one of the best of the season's charity events

Lady Beauchamp, looking in the photograph rather like Dorothy Dickson, was dancing at the Derby Ball with the Hon. David Herbert



Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, debutante niece of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, sold a programme to Lord Townshend. Her aunt took a party to the Ball

Two of the loveliest women in Mayfair made their entrance down the stairs of the huge ballroom at Grosvenor House when Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. Charles Sweeny arrived together at the Derby Ball. With them on the left is Charles Sweeny

the Duchess of Buccleuch

Above are Lady Kathleen Rollo and Dr. Malcolm Sargent. On the left another debutante programme girl makes a sale—to her mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, who was hostess to a large party for the Ball

Social Register

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Ariadne Marie Balfour and Her Parents

The Hon. David and Mrs. Balfour's baby daughter, born in January, was christened Ariadne Marie at Holy Trinity Church, Haddington. Her father is Lord and Lady Kinross's younger son. Her mother was Araminta Peel before her 1936 marriage, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. E. Peel. The Balfours live at 12, Ann Street, Edinburgh. His journalist brother, Patrick Balfour, married Angela Culme-Seymour last year

Jennifer Susan Leon, Her Godmother and Her Mother

Dorothy Hyson (Mrs. Robert Douglas) was godmother to the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Leon when she was christened at Chelsea Old Church. Mrs. Leon (right) is better known as Linden Travers, the Newcastle-born stage and screen actress. Loftus Wigram, the writer, was the baby's other godparent

PARK OUTINGS

Lady Dunglass and Her Daughter

Two-year-old Lavinia Caroline Douglas-Home is the daughter of Lord and Lady Dunglass, and granddaughter of the Earl of Home and the Dean of Durham, the Very Rev. Cyril Alington, former Headmaster of Eton. Her parents were married in 1936, and have recently moved into a new house in Chester Square. Lord Dunglass has been Member for Lanark since 1931

The Hon. Julian Brougham, His Mother and

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley walked while her son bicycled path on one of last week's fine warm days. They have a baby month; he has two children by his first marriage, and her son her first husband, Lord Brougham and Vaux. They have a house

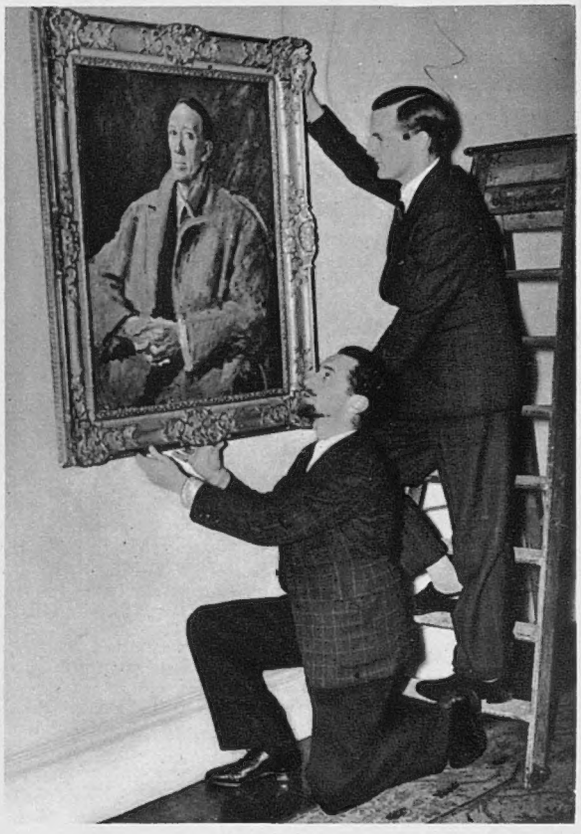
Edward Seago and Lady Melchett at His Exhibition

Lady Melchett was one of the guests at the private view of Edward Seago's exhibition, opened last week by Lord Derby, at the Medici Galleries in Grafton Street. Besides pictures of country life and the ballet, Seago is showing some portraits, including a sombre, striking one of Raymond Massey in front of which Lady Melchett is standing

Freda Lady Forres and Igor Schwezoff

Also at the Seago opening were Freda Lady Forres, a sculptor herself and owner of a lovely Chelsea house full of works of art, and Igor Schwezoff, the Russian dancer and choregrapher. They were looking at a study by Seago of Schwezoff's studio (which is also in Chelsea) with a ballet class in progress

PICTURE SHOWS



James Proudfoot and the Earl of Jersey

James Proudfoot and Lord Jersey were hanging a portrait of Sir Gerald du Maurier by Augustus John at Lord Jersey's Osterley Park, where an exhibition of contemporary art began last week. This is in connection with the opening to the public of Osterley, a superb Adam house off the Great West Road

Stepfather

along a Hyde Park daughter, born last Julian is heir to in Rutland Gate

TWO WEDDINGS

Lady Barbara Lindsay and Mr. Richard Hurst

Richard L. Hurst, son of Sir Cecil and Lady Hurst, of Rusper Nunnery, Horsham, and The Hague, and Lady Barbara Lindsay, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. Kenneth Crawley, Miss Pamela Vickers

Kenneth A. G. Crawley, youngest son of Canon and Mrs. Stafford Crawley, of 4, The Cloisters, Windsor Castle, and Pamela Vickers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Vickers, of 62, Fountain House, Park Lane, W. 1, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Anthony

Gigli—Cottage to Castle

Beniamino Gigli, who has sung at Covent Garden in *Tosca*, in *Traviata* (last time to-night), and as Radames in *Aïda*—a role he has not sung here before—owes his chance to the Roman church. Born in Recanati in the Marches, the son of a shoemaker, his voice was first appreciated in churches of the neighbourhood, then he applied to Maestro Perosi for a place in the Sistine Chapel's Schola Cantorum. Thence through the conservatoire St. Cecilia to the operatic stage was a natural step, and Gigli made his debut at Rovigo the same year as Mars stepped on to the European scene. After the war, New York first heard Gigli in 1920, slow old London not until 1930. During this visit, his third since then, he has given Albert Hall concerts under the ægis of Harold Holt (whose picture with Gigli in our May 17th issue was wrongly titled Signor Rossi) and is studying a new role — Manrico in *Trovatore* —with which he will celebrate his jubilee at the little theatre in Rovigo in September (he also hopes to become a grandfather that month). And when he visits his home-town of Recanati he will stay not in the shoemaker's cottage but in the castle above

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Grouse in June" (Criterion)

IN Auchterlochy Lodge, during the first fortnight in June, are assembled five highly possessive and uncompromisingly insular guests. General Sandeman, accompanied by his forbidding wife, and Robert Ferguson, accompanied by his down-trodden sister, are concentrating, be-gumbooted and be-waddered, on the local trout, manœuvring for the best pools, praying for rain, and secretly belittling each other's piscatorial triumphs. Professor Cunningham is devoting himself to bird-life, scouring the rocks with his camera until Miss Ferguson, as the night wears on, replaces gannet and cormorants in his affection. An entertaining quintette they are, drawn by Mr. N. C. Hunter, with a nice observation of their little weaknesses, which include hostility to intruders in the common living-room they have come to regard almost as their private property. But I must confess that I rather shared their resentment over the noisy arrival of three Americans, since these newcomers were obviously begotten of hearsay rather than of observation, and since they trailed in their wake a rather reluctant plot.

SPANISH treasure was the lure that brought these Americans on the scene. One of the galleons of the Great Armada was reported to have foundered in the bay. And since there is a legend —how well founded I cannot say—that the Spanish navy, in the sixteenth century, always made a point of sailing into battle laden with gold, latitudes and longitudes and diving operations were now loudly discussed.

The failure of the treasure-seekers set the innkeeper cogitating, for they were profitable guests. How to delay their projected departure? A little gold deposited on the beach was his simple expedient—simple, but effective, for soon even the ardent fishermen had exchanged their rods for spades. Meanwhile, the American girl set about teaching the down-trodden sister not to be down-trodden. Her homespuns were discarded. Her hair was waved. The professor's love-story was correspondingly speeded up. My heart always sinks a little when comedy resorts to the turning of the worm. But this, despite the nice observation of the opening scenes, turns out to be that sort of comedy after all.

IT is, however, pleasant to see a character for the first time on any stage hit over the head with a stuffed trout, and interesting, if not convincing, to remark that he is actually knocked out by it. For the acting, we have Mr. Richard Goolden pottering about as the professor; Mr. Eric Cowley sporting a chumpish monocle as the general; Miss Constance Lorne, behaving like a mouse in June as the sister, with other able performances too numerous, and not conspicuous enough, to mention. There is also Miss Billie Ryan as the American girl, supplying an agreeable note of youth with ability as well as charm, and wearing what is described among the attributions on the programme as a "playsuit." Which is (and would certainly be) a new one on me.

Sketches by Rouson

Peaceful person: Matthew Cunningham, a professor (Richard Goolden)

Smack in the neck with a dry fish: Nancy Ferguson (Constance Lorne) is the striker, and Joe Baker (Billy Quest) is on the receiving end

English General, American young married: General Sandeman (Eric Cowley) and Sophie Kelly (Billie Ryan)

A hotel-keeper from Auchterlochy: John Campbell (Arthur Hambling)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

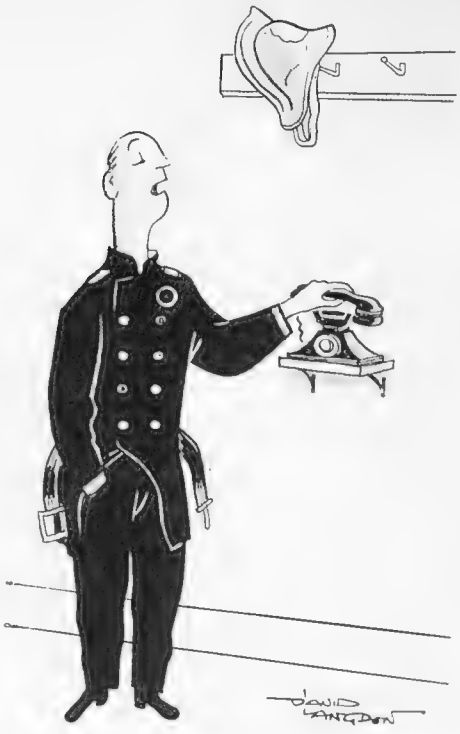
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE of the less cretinous questions recently asked in the House, concerning the large number of verminous bunks detected in the forecastles of the Mercantile Marine, confirmed our impression that sailors really don't care. We 'd just been reading Shaw Desmond's account of his voyage round the Horn in a Finnish windjammer, in which Mr. Desmond comes to the conclusion that the sea exercises a numbing, almost paralysing effect on seamen's faculties, causing them to put up with almost anything. Hence their miserable lives aboard and their childish follies ashore, and hence also, no doubt, that attitude of their kindly owners which is crystallised in the ancient marine allegation, quoted by Kipling, that the mates of Cardiff ships live on clinkers. You will say that sailors must be dumb clucks to endure such discomforts, and you will have the great roaring Dr. Samuel Johnson on your side. " No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail. . . . A man in jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company. . . . Sailors are happy as brutes are happy, with a piece of fresh meat, with the grossest sensuality . . ." And to poor Sir William Scott, who observed timidly that we find people fond of being sailors, the Doctor thundered : " I cannot account for that, any more than I can account for other strange perversions of imagination ! " And though food and conditions aboard ship are slightly better nowadays than in the eighteenth century, we dare asseverate the Doctor would bellow the same thing now.

Everyone who, like ourselves, has ever voyaged in an average tramp steamer will agree that the forecastle is just a horrid floating slum and that its inhabitants accept their fate with an Oriental passivity which is quite astonishing. This week, as you observe, from your post-luncheon armchair in the Louis XV. Sun Lounge, a far-away rusty tramp ploughing the grey-green, bitter waves down-Channel, think, like the Widow Quin, on the gallant hairy fellows drifting beyond, and reflect further with melancholy and pain what plumb fools most of 'em must be to stand all they do.

Mascot

THE lucky lads of one of the London Territorial regiments, we forget which, now have a West End actress attached to them as a mascot ; an innovation which must infallibly wring envious reflections from chaps who, like ourselves, belonged to regiments whose mascot was (e.g.) a goat. Ours was a nice goat, true, with a charming, venerable face, long, silky white hair and, so far as we remember, gilded horns. A Goat-Major with insensitive nostrils accompanied it on ceremonial parade and tended it carefully, sometimes with oaths. Only in the smoking-room of the National Liberal Club do we ever see anything similar to that dumb friend nowadays. But after all the very nicest goat is not so nice to look at as a nice little actress, and we guess regiments whose mascots are bow-wows or apes or flamingoes or wart-hogs will say the same. Having an actress as mascot gives a Territorial regiment *chic*, *élan*, and *allure*, besides annoying the Household Brigade, who



" Get dressed, gentlemen, we 've been invited to a house-warming . . ."

are used to the exact opposite. The Territorial Association, however, should remember that West End actresses are infinitely more expensive to feed and groom than any of their four-footed colleagues, and only the wealthier regiments (such as the H.A.C., the Inns of Court, the London Scottish, and the Queen's Westminsters) could probably afford one.

This need not disappoint the troops. The fashion for human mascots having apparently set in, there is a wealth of attractive and inexpensive mascotry from which regiments unable to afford the cheapest show-girl, and in any case, preferring to be reminded of our four-footed friends, can choose. Clubland, for example—we 've already hinted at one rich untapped source—is full of chaps resembling our dumb chums to a marked degree : the Goat, the Sheep, the Horse, the Hippo, and even the Sacred Cow, types of which are frequently decorated with flower-garlands by short-sighted Hindu visitors to Pall Mall. And if a more savage species of pet is desired, any shikar party could get a dozen specimens out of the City in an hour.

"—But he always enters for the Classics"

Enigma

THOSE beautiful ancient sculptures and carvings which have just been rediscovered in Canterbury Cathedral, most of them high up in out-of-the-way corners, invisible to the ordinary spectator, once more exhibit an aspect of the mediæval mind very puzzling to the mind of to-day, and posing a difficult question—namely, the reason why, in Canterbury as in practically every Gothic cathedral in Europe, artists obviously of the front rank should have taken all that loving trouble over figures, symbols, and grotesques practically nobody was ever likely to see. The simplest answer is, no doubt, that these mediæval artists had ideals markedly different from ours and

were so deathly indifferent to publicity (if anybody can credit it) that whereas to-day millions on millions the world over would know all about the surgeon who operated on Garbo's pet doggie for appendicitis, nobody to this day knows the name of the architect of Chartres, or of a score other marvels of the Gothic. Call us reactionaries (and worse) if you will—we can see Beau Macdonell curling a finely-chiselled lip at us from here—but we think this mediæval attitude was rather patrician and fine, judged even from a materialist standpoint. Don't breathe a word to the boys at the Aldwych Club, but we think these mediævals make them look the least bit dumb. All that colossal mirific work all over Christendom which nobody can imitate, which is an enduring glory and a tribute for ever to man's genius, and hardly a single authentic signature to show for huge masses of it! Just not caring! Gosh! Crazy, maybe?

Fevvers

OSTRICH feathers being back in fashion, it such a thing matters to you one way or the other, cases full of them which have been lying unopened in the Port of London Authority warehouses for ten years or so are now being unpacked, we observe, and buyers from London, Paris and New York are haring round to buy. And in our view the ostrich feather trade should give a nice expensive present to the two girls who have practically kept it going single-handed through these lean ten years of slump, namely, Mistinguett and Sally Rand, the New York fan-dancer. Had the one not been in the habit for years—possibly centuries—of tripping up and down vast staircases nightly in a whacking ostrich feather head-dress and a saucy wink, had the other not thought of veiling strategic points of her dainty torso at the last moment with the same material, South African ostrich farms might as well have temporarily closed down. Even counting in those two sweethearts and reckoning the coming boom, the number of birds on these farms, which has diminished by some 700,000 since 1914 (a chap calculated last week), will probably not be enough to supply more than one woman in ten. Which is a pity, for women and ostriches were born for each other, in our shrinking view, the women looking pretty alluring in the bird's tail feathers and the birds being so thrilled by their destiny that they run round kicking chaps strongly in the stomach and often leaving them for dead; a thing very few women can do, though many would like to.

The psychological effect of a revival in ostrich feathers should be interesting to watch, if you are interested in watching such things. The requisite tempo of women wearing these feathers, or even waving them about, is a graceful legato-rubato, not a febrile presto-staccato, if you take our meaning. A certain poise; a dignity; even, so to speak, a charm. This takes some acquiring, and now that East End costers' wives have given up ostrich feathers we simply can't think where Mayfair's instructors are coming from.

Trek

THE flight to the West continues, the latest refugees to take shelter in Kensington being the Royal Asiatic Society, who, you would think (wouldn't you?) would be too calmly rapt in its Grosvenor Square ashram to worry about the increasing noise of traffic and rebuilding in Mayfair. But apparently not. Big Business has scored yet another victory over Culture, and the R.A.S. gathers its cooking-pots and bedding and fatalistically sets its face towards the Cromwell Road, which is gradually becoming the metropolitan centre or navel of sweetness and light, containing not only palatial museums packed with priceless scientific and artistic treasures, and stormed by the excited populace day and night, but the site of that National Theatre which will one day be the glory of London and the envy of the whole world (they say). It 's embarrassing to find the President of the Royal Asiatic saying that prospective landlords and the L.C.C. are "taking a rather long time to make up their minds as to whether or not the Society is a desirable tenant." The explanation is, probably, that in Kensington they still read their Kipling very devoutly and remember the strange magic, for instance, which was made on Kim in the house of Huneefa at Lucknow, in the ward behind the tobacco-shop of Azim Ullah. Obviously if those moans and cries on Buktanoos and Zulbazan and the other devils could terrify a Babu, they would at least perturb the maiden ladies and retired majors and elderly clergymen of the Cromwell Road, should the Society see fit to indulge in a little *jadoo*; a thing it never, never does, we are assured, but are they aware of the fact yet in Kensington?

It seems to us that the Cromwell Road has not yet got its breath back and is still peeping gingerly, with considerable misgivings, from behind its prim curtains on the glittering cultural treasures Fate is showering on it, like Jove seducing Danaë. That National Theatre, for example—no doubt Shakespeare is above reproach, but will not the pavement ere long be thronged inevitably with saucy little actresses and wild gentlemen drinking champagne out of their shoes and shouting compliments in French and turning the Cromwell Road generally into a kind of rowdy Continental boulevard? And now these Asiatic experts with their burning eyes and un-English hobbies . . . ! What next, my dear (the Cromwell Road seems to be asking itself), what next?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I put her in because I thought that corner looked a bit bare"

"The Sleeping Princess"

Aurora Truly Wedded

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE production of the original Petipa-Tchaikovsky *The Sleeping Princess* at Sadler's Wells constitutes a landmark in the development of English Ballet, setting the seal on the academic status of our national company. A ballet company has value only in so far as it maintains the old works alongside the new. The old works—*Giselle, Swan Lake, Casse Noisette, Coppelia, The Sleeping Princess*—set out the grammar and syntax of ballet. If they are neglected, the modern works will surely suffer. That is an obvious fact, but it need not concern the general public, who look in the first place for beauty and entertainment, and cannot examine what are, to them, obscure educational problems. *The Sleeping Princess* happens to be an entertainment of rare beauty; to me it is something very much more than that. It is the logical introduction to the art of ballet.

It has previously been known largely through a potted and not very accurate version called *Aurora's Wedding*, which in its turn derives from an inaccurate but magnificent production of the whole put on by Diaghileff at the Alhambra in 1921. *Aurora's Wedding* is not a ballet, but a suite of dances gathered here and there with no attempt at coherence. These dances give us a good idea of classical dancing, but no idea of classical ballet at its best, and the theatre narrative aspect is totally lacking.

IN *The Sleeping Princess* as a whole all these familiar dances take on a fresh meaning and fresh beauty. Classical ballet in general is full of ridiculous and illogical situations, overburdened with the sign-language of conventional mime. The ballets in which Petipa and Tchaikovsky collaborated are exceptional, such is the genius of this, the perfect ballet score. In *The Sleeping Princess* the mime of the Lilac Fairy is as beautiful as any of the dancing, and belongs as much to the essential fabric of the work. The entrances of the ballerina, the timing of the dances, the blending of corps de ballet and solo, are all magnificent theatre, completely lost through abbreviation, or even through the addition of such a fine modern number as The Three Ivans. Had Petipa always worked with a Tchaikovsky his hundred works would have survived by the dozen, a fact that stresses once again the position of composer and choregrapher, in spite of Serge Lifar's attempts at proving the contrary.

The wealth of *The Sleeping Princess* as a whole is tremendous. We can see in it sources of inspiration for the "Firebird," the dance of the poodles in "La Boutique Fantasque"; and we are continually struck with the modern note of this classic.

Once again I must insist on the timing, a grave fault in even the best of the recent ballets. Here the interest is continually maintained, the balance between story and dancing perfect. For the first time the *grand pas de deux* is the culmination of a love-story, and not an isolated feat of dancing. *Aurora's Wedding* has at last a meaning, and the dance itself is full of subtleties that were bound to escape unless correctly situated in the whole.

NADIA BENOIS has carried on a great family tradition. I once wrote, "no Benois has ever been a nonentity," a statement now amply confirmed. Not only is there a definite scheme running right through, a conception that McKnight Kauffer and Sophie Fedorovitch alone of the Wells artists have seized, but the grandeur of the presentation has been fitted to the needs of a theatre that is on the small side for such an opera-house spectacle. In many respects, both decor and costumes are superior to the overweighted Bakst production, notably in their suitability for dancing. Only the apotheosis does not seem to fit the stage, particularly the clumsy steps up which the fairies must proceed with all the worried preoccupation that one associates with the gang-plank of a steamer. Also the back-cloth is far too close to give perspective. I suggest a gauze to give the mystery that is essential to such a climax.

This is a decorative production that stresses and draws out the full value of the choregraphy. Nadia Benois is not merely an artist, but like her uncle a theatre craftsman. Most of the present-day decorative artists are content to put in as many bright ideas as possible, and are consequently working against the choregraphy as much as they are working for it.

THE actual dancing itself puts the English company, as far as pure disciplined classicism is concerned, far ahead of anything the Russians have shown us for a very long time. The regular company consists of thirty-five, but here is a company of seventy-five, all of whom, in their tempo, alignment and execution of steps, dance as a regular and completely harmonious body. It is the ensemble work that must be praised in the first place. It is exceptional, and leads one once again to the conviction that the true ballet can only exist in connection with a definite theatre school.

Margot Fonteyn's Aurora is fluent and fluid, combining authority with the pleasing manner of the new school of ballerina, using classicism as a means to expression and never as an end in itself, smoothing over and not accentuating its many difficulties. However, she still reveals the fault of a fixed smile that worries the spectator, and this fault must be overcome if her performance is to be truly great.

Divertissement: *an action study of a pas de chat by Molly Brown as the White Cat. Frederick Ashton is Puss in Boots*

Mary Honer's Blue Bird is, as becomes a character outside the narrative proper, a fine piece of virtuosity, very sure of itself, hard, and yet gracious. Her partner on the occasion I saw it, Michael Somes, was far from fluent, yet showed great improvement, and when he can conceal the mechanism of preparations, he will dance this really well.

The variations, instead of being performed in the customary slipshod manner, were each, in their own way, outstanding, the palm going to Elizabeth Miller; but Pamela May, Jill Gregory—exceptionally

Act I.: The Spell *— showing a pas de quatre by four of Aurora's friends. Both Nadia Benois' decor for "The Sleeping Princess" and the ensemble work of the company are particularly discussed by Mr. Haskell in his article*

Camellia Fairy : Jill Gregory

Lilac Fairy : June Brae

Rose Fairy : Pamela May

Photographs by Anthony

Bread Crumb Fairy : Julia Farron

fluent—and Julia Farron—in the hardest of all—ran her close.

In the divertissements, Molly Brown's White Cat was exceptionally witty. Jean Bedell's Red Riding Hood had charm and, from the dance point of view, an aristocratic bearing. On a subsequent occasion that part was taken by Margaret Dale, who brought out the dramatic qualities of Petipa's amazingly condensed little fairy-tale. This little dancer is worth watching. Ursula Moreton's Cinderella stood out as the successful solution of a dance that might very easily have proved ridiculous. She made it pleasing.

Joy Newton's Queen had lapses, when in repose she relaxed from the grand, imperious manner of the mimed scenes. Such a role is bristling with difficulties, and must be continually sustained.

Robert Helpmann's Prince survived even a dull technical exercise pas seul. With the exception of Blue Bird, created for Cecchetti, how poor is classical choreography in male roles. Helpmann, however, can bring rare conviction to all the dummies of that period, an achievement greater, perhaps, than all his character triumphs in contemporary ballet. His partnering is magnificent and unselfish.

A WORK such as this will bring fresh impressions with every tasting. It is a permanent contribution to our young ballet tradition. It will form the Fonteyns of to-morrow and the next day.

If I have left mention of Constant Lambert to the end, it is only because I have already stressed the richness and value of the music. His understanding of it is always in evidence.

Prologue: The Christening *— showing the Queen (Joy Newton) pleading with Carabosse (John Greenwood), while the six fairies guard the cradle on the right. The Violet Fairy (Mary Honer) is missing from the set of action studies on this page*

Fairy of the Song-Birds : Elizabeth Miller

Films of the Day

The Right Dish for Bette Davis Fans

By George Campbell

BETTE DAVIS fans are in luck. In *Dark Victory* she laughs more defiantly, drinks harder, suffers worse, and bites more bravely on the bullet than she did even in *Jezebel*. Women will mostly love it. As it is a matter of statistics that females constitute about 70 per cent. of the film-going public, and probably choose the entertainment of most of the males, *Dark Victory* should be a smash at the box-office.

The central figure is a girl afflicted with leisure, riches, and headaches. She sees a young doctor, who is not only brilliant, but also (being George Brent) uncommonly handsome. In a very short time he has established that she must have an operation on her head, which is a thing we have been suspecting all along, for different reasons; and in no time at all she has fallen desperately in love with him.

In the ordinary way, the end would now be clear. Everything is set for the perfect operation, and a close-up of the patient, becomingly dressed in white, every hair waved with that precision and *chic* only attainable in film hospitals, smiling up adoringly at the surgeon, who puts away his scalpel with a whispered "Everything 's goin' to be arl right." But *Dark Victory* is not this sort of picture. It sets out to wring the heart, and does. "When you get inside my head, see if you can find any sense in it," says the heroine, always bright and brave. Alas! he finds no sense—only symptoms of some mysterious disease which will infallibly recur in about nine months, and cause first blindness, and then, three or four hours later, one of those painless deaths that look awfully becoming in close-up.

Naturally, he does not tell her. Instead, being as gallant as she is, he proposes marriage and she is deliriously happy. But one day, sorting out the papers which he carelessly leaves lying about, she comes on the reports of her case, each ending with the ominous "Prognosis negative"; and this is the cue for an acute attack of temperament, manifested in wild drinking, reckless riding, and flirtations with all the husbands and fiancés on Long Island, not to mention a groom with ideas *au-dessus de sa gare*.

Naturally, this cannot go on. You cannot escape yourself, no matter how hard you ride, and at last the poor little heroine turns back to the man she loves and finds peace, while he does some promising research work which may provide a serum for just such diseases as hers. Just what the end is, I will not reveal, beyond remarking that it left hardly a dry eye in the house—or, to be precise, only two, both mine.

Does all this seem a trifle heartless? I am sorry. Much talent has gone into the making of this picture—into the writing, the direction and the acting, more especially by Mr. Brent and Geraldine Fitzgerald, as charming and utterly convincing as she was in *Wuthering Heights*. If it failed to move me as profoundly as it did nine-tenths of the audience, the explanation is simple: (*a*) as a professional critic I have seen the heroine, in various disguises, pop up rather often since Hollywood first started exploiting *Flaming Youth*; (*b*) the plot has hardly a turn that is not implicit in reel one. It is only fair to add that if you can forget all this, and surrender yourself to the illusion of the moment, *Dark Victory* is good, strong, emotional entertainment of the old reliable brand.

"Dark Victory" is a film that will appeal strongly to Bette Davis fans, says our reviewer on this page. In it the wenchy actress is a socialite of the crazy-comedy type, who faces—bravely at last—blindness and death. Here with George Brent, her doctor husband, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. At the Warner

"ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET" should be funny, and is, up to a point. It falls down mainly in the scenario. Hal Roach, who once produced Harold Lloyd "shorts," should know better than most the importance of what the trade calls gags—those funny incidents or bits of business in farce that convulse audiences. The story of a doctor who treated an elephant, and was thereafter followed about like a dog, with the most embarrassing and even ruinous results, obviously has possibilities, and it is odd that the script should be so uninventive. Oliver Hardy, divorced for the first time from Stanley Laurel, proves himself quite a competent character comedian. It would have been interesting to see whether he could have made the grade as a solo star.

"LET FREEDOM RING," if casts were everything, would be terrific. Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce, Edward Arnold, Victor McLaglen, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Butterworth, and half-a-dozen other favourites are all crowded into that genuine antique—the yarn about the grand old pioneers, and the attempt of the dastardly railroad sharks (land-grabbers, mining magnates, oil barons, lumber kings—their precise designation doesn't affect the classification in the card-index) to take away their land. History records that in actual fact, Freedom, in many cases, did *not* ring. The grabbers got away with it. On the screen they always fail—in this one because they are up against a tenor and a blonde. So long as the pioneers rely on rugged rough stuff, Edward Arnold keeps on top, burning homesteads with his usual bonhomie, and murdering their rightful owners in the most heartless manner. But then he falls in love with the blonde, who naturally prefers the tenor, and with the comic on their side as well, the end is only a matter of time. For the brightest moments in the picture we have to thank Charles Butterworth, as the man who earns his living by letting all comers take a sock at his jaw for a dollar a time. Sadistic, no doubt, but as played by Mr. Butterworth, quite funny.

So, in its way, is *The Face at the Window*, a Quota re-make of the melodrama about the mysterious murderer whose crimes are accompanied by wolfish howls, and the young bank clerk who is suspected, the whiskered Count del Gardo who tries to steal the poor clerk's fiancée, and a lot of dirty work at the Blind Rat. Given the hint that the Count is played by T-d Sl--ght-r, it is up to you to find the villain.

Louise Platt in "Stagecoach"

This old-fashioned little person is Lucy Mallory, wife of a U.S. Army officer, and the people and adventures she meets on a trip from Tonto to Lordsbury to join her husband makes the story of *Stagecoach*. The film, produced by Walter Wanger from a story by Ernest Haycox in "Collier's," is due at the Odeon. Louise Platt plays Mrs. Mallory (second feminine role to Claire Trevor), and on her second film appearance we take the opportunity to recall a story that proves that the path to stardom is not a primrose one: Louise Platt was the girl who left home to become an actress, got encouraging reviews after one appearance and then, like many young people who think they are made after one good write-up, faced weeks of no work, one of which was a week of no food. Almost too late she got a job with a stock company in Minneapolis, won back to New York, was spotted for Hollywood, and appeared last year in *I Met My Love Again*. All this has happened in three years —Miss Platt is now twenty-two. You can see in that firm mouth and steady, wide-set eyes she was bound to succeed

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Best of the Year: Drama—

As everybody expected, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* has won the Pulitzer Prize in playwriting. This is the second time that Robert Emmet Sherwood—now vacationing in England—has been so honoured, with *Idiot's Delight* receiving the award in 1936. Eugene O'Neill, who was our leading dramatist in the '20's, received the award three times; the author of *Beyond the Horizon, The Emperor Jones, The Great God Brown,* etc., has been silent in California now for a long time, while working on a play that is to be even longer than *Strange Interlude.*

O'Neill's plays were concerned always with a delving into the tormented soul of man and influenced by Freud as, in this decade, Odets' plays show the influence of the Marxist philosophy. Sherwood's plays are rather on a middle ground, less introspective than O'Neill's, less concerned with social consciousness than Odets'. But from his first success, *The Road to Rome,* he has been writing of an idea which grows out of the lives of recognisable human beings and shapes their fate. In spite of writing plays that were always good theatre and in spite of the importance of his concepts, he has not always, to my thinking, achieved the significance which was implicit in his attempt. In *The Road to Rome* a lovely companion for a night talked to Hannibal of peace and war, and changed the course of history. In *The Petrified Forest,* a tired liberal encountered a girl young enough to hope and a killer, with the unimpressive result that the young man persuades the killer to shoot him so the young woman can use his money to escape, perhaps, to a larger life.

But in *Idiot's Delight* Mr. Sherwood achieved an amiable fusion of his purposes, so that in scenes that were diverting and sometimes gripping, he said what he wanted to say about the folly of war, while in his *Abe Lincoln* he has found the subject, the method and the times to give us a profoundly moving evocation. His Lincoln moves under the brooding consciousness of doom and sacrifice, and the play has some of the qualities of an Old Testament story or a Greek drama. The most poignant scene is that on the prairie, before the covered wagon in which a boyhood friend is going West. When Lincoln returns to offer himself again to Mary Todd, having deserted her at the altar, you feel that the furies are driving him on toward a fate both tragic and sublime. In Lincoln's speeches Raymond Massey's voice is warm, compassionate, and beautiful, and his characterisation is just about as satisfying as the statue of Lincoln in the Memorial in Washington.

—and Literature

The Pulitzer Prize editorial is also concerned with patriotism. R. G. Calvert, associate editor of the *Portland Oregonian,* concluded that "My Country 'Tis of Thee" would make a good subject for one of his writers during the autumn crisis in Europe. He was going to assign this to one of the men when he saw him preparing to leave for the beach. So the editor sat down and wrote it himself, writing that "In this land of ours, this America, we have illuminated the true road to permanent peace."

Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin* was the inevitable choice for the Pulitzer biography. Mr. Van Doren is one of America's leading critics who has in recent years given most of his time to biography. His *Swift* was published several years ago, and the Franklin is the fruit of many years of careful research.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings leaped to fame when she began writing about a little-known world—that of the Florida swamplands and the Florida crackers who live there, almost entirely without benefit of civilisation. *South Moon Under* was followed by *Golden Apples* and then by *The Yearling,* which is the Pulitzer nomination for the best novel of 1938. This is the tender and not oversentimentalised—or at least, not very—account of a young boy's growth in wisdom through his love of animals, bear-hunts with a simple but heroic father, and the hard but exciting struggle to keep alive.

Darby Day in Old Kentucky

Seventy thousand fans watched the amazing Johnstown score an easy victory in the sixty-fifth Kentucky Derby. This gave William Woodward, chairman of the Jockey Club, his third Derby victory in nine years. The colt earned $46,350 of the $56,350 purse and passed the $100,000 mark in his winnings. He has now had seven successive triumphs. Part of this is ascribed to the change in him brought about by an eating device, called a slow feeder, which has caused Johnstown to eat more slowly and chew his oats better. Last year the big colt gulped his food and got himself sick so that he was not doing himself justice. Thus mechanics comes to the aid of the sport of kings.

The Derby is the most ballyhooed of all our races, taking place in the famous Blue Grass area of Kentucky. Bourbon is the approved drink, served with crushed mint and ice; the song, of course, is "My Old Kentucky Home" prices sky-rocket, and Louisville is invaded not only by the fans but by all sorts of lush-workers, monte operators, pickpockets, and shell-game artists.

All our Derbys were fashioned on the Epsom Downs original, but the Kentucky version is only a mile and a quarter instead of a mile and a half. The races are run at the old Churchill Downs track, under the cherishing care of the benign and eloquent Colonel Matt Winn, who is said to continue many of the qualities which made Barnum famous.

Bourbon, I might add, is a whisky blend of rye and corn, and when I was a youngster in the Blue Grass area of middle Tennessee, just south of Kentucky, I didn't know there was any other whisky. When the children had colds they were dosed with whisky and sugar and hot water, so we grew up thinking this was a medicine with a nasty taste. In a mint julep, however, we 've since discovered it is another matter.

Hello, Sucker!

In the tough old days "Hello, sucker!" was practically the official greeting of New York to the stranger from the hinterlands. The faster the rube lost his money the better, and nobody cared what he thought of New York. The idea was to sell him Brooklyn Bridge, if possible, for the contents of his wallet. But New York has grown mellow with age, and under the persuasive wand of LaGuardia and Whalen, we 're being very nice to visitors now. The cops bawl-out the drivers who have New York licences, which is just the opposite from the manners and modes of the rest of the country, and speak softly to strangers. Hardened bus-drivers turn gentle when they deal with a visitor to the Fair or someone with a foreign accent who might be a recent refugee from Europe.

At the Fair the rural visitors get along all right, but the city slickers provide amusement. The Borden building has a great circle of cows, earnestly being milked by machinery. There is always a crowd about the cows, with slum children getting their first glimpse of this strange animal. It is reported that a city visitor went up to a Borden attendant to ask him what breed of cows gives Grade "B" milk.

At the Elgin Watch Building a section of roof slides away so visitors can look at the stars through a telescope. One of the visitors asked the attendant: "Where is heaven?" The attendant thought he must have heard wrong, but when the question was repeated the attendant followed the theory that the customer is always right, and answered suavely: "Heaven isn't visible this evening, sir."

Prince and Princess Kyril Scherbatoff were married recently in New York and are honeymooning in Bermuda. She was Mrs. Adelaide Munroe, is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Sedgwick, has two sons by her first marriage

Lady Anne Bridgeman and Viscount Cowdray were watching one of the trial polo matches on Long Island before the Westchester Cup tournament which starts next Sunday. The English team (of which Lord Cowdray is non-playing captain) have made a great impression since they came east from California. Lady Anne Bridgeman and her fiancé come back to England after the Cup for their July wedding

Norman Parkinson

"Speed" at New York

This fourth series of pictures of the "Bystander's" visit to the New York World's Fair is concerned with sculpture, a plentiful and impressive feature of the exhibition. As with all parts of an ephemeral show like this, the sculpture on Long Island is designed to strike a vivid first impression, and in some cases it stands up well to a more lengthy quizz. The big-bosomed Pegasus here, one of the most photogenic of the Fair's statues, rears above the Court of Communications (which flanks the exhibition's theme centre) and is called "Speed"; and for those who do stop to think, the choice of a flesh-and-blood model to symbolise communications will seem touchingly romantic in an age where machine has utterly superseded muscle. "Speed's" sculptor is Joseph E. Renier. For more Fair sculpture, turn the page

"Night" is one of Paul Manship's "four moods of time," one of the groups of water-panels that flank Constitution Mall, the Fair's chief thoroughfare. The dreamy, restful swim of the three figures is particularly remarkable as an essay in physical balance—there are no supports behind the group

The New York World's Fair: Sculpture is the theme of the "Bystander's" fourth visit to the Long Island "world of to-morrow"

New Women for Old

This mason *stands at the base of the flagpole of the Lithuanian exhibit in the Hall of Nations, and at his base stands a young woman whose warm regard is stonily disregarded. The Hall of Nations exhibits are separate from the National pavilions, the former, round the 7-acre Court of Peace, being small sectional shows and not entailing an expensive building programme for the country concerned. Only twenty states have pavilions while forty-four are represented in the Hall of Nations—each with a flagpole and statue like this*

The contrast *on the left is made by a young woman on the Hall of Fashion in Petticoat Lane and a young woman on a pedestal in Washington Square. The new-style creature, 35 ft. high, is wrought of steel sheets electrically welded and she is called "Textiles." Study her and you will see that she is represented as carrying rolls of cloth under one arm and over the other. The old-style creature, nothing more nor less than a woman, is in plaster. Behind her shine the symbolic spike and ball—"trylon" and "perisphere"—of the theme centre*

American folklore *takes its place in Fair sculpture on the Medicine and Public Health building, which has frontage on the Avenue of Patriots, Constitution Mall and the theme centre. Three groups by Edmond Amateis represent benevolence, humility and efficiency, each in the person of a legendary figure of pioneer days. Humility is "Strap Buckner," a Texas braggart, fighter and drinker until he met his match in the Devil (herewith)*

Man's control of nature *is the theme of this pop-eyed Hercules taking a two-horse-power strain; George H. Snowden is his sculptor. Like Amateis' group above, it is thrown into excellent relief by its position on a blank wall* ➔

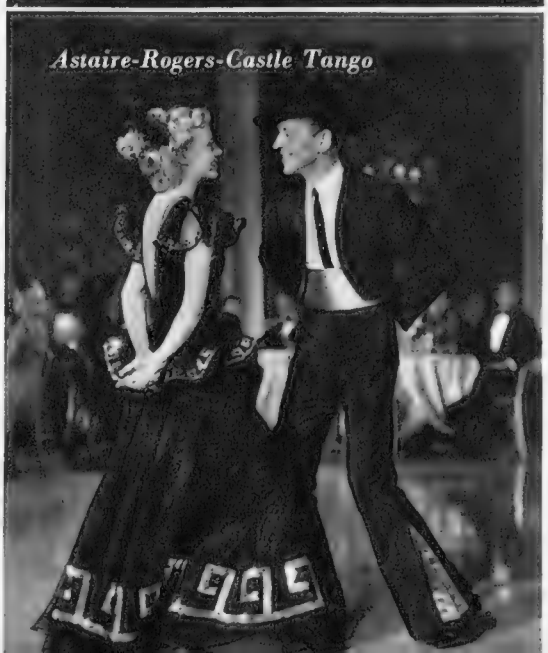
The real Irene Castle *thus appeared in the "Tatler" in 1916 when she was over to visit her husband in his R.F.C. training camp on Salisbury Plain. The caption said: "the fascinating dancer who leads fashion in America by the nose and who recently thrilled London . . . by exquisite dancing. Mrs. Castle is an almost absolute arbiter of fashion in New York . . . what she wears to-day America wears to-morrow." Above is Ginger Rogers as the film Irene before marriage, and it is this sort of shot that prompted Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin to say after seeing the film: "There is too much Irene Foote and too little Irene Castle in it" [i.e., too much courting, too little dancing]*

The Castle Walk *was one of the three most influential and revolutionising steps introduced by the Castles (the others were the One Step and the Maxixe). This Castle Walk pose is again taken from a 1916 issue of "Tatler," who coyly titled it "Light as Swansdown"*

The Castles: To-day's most popular dance team impersonate their prototypes of a quarter century ago

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle is an unwieldy title (following the Hollywood fashion set by the Story of Louis Pasteur, the Adventures of Marco Polo, Huckleberry Finn, Robin Hood, and so on), but it is a self-explanatory title at least to those who know who Vernon and Irene Castle were. Few people under thirty do. The Castles were the greatest dance pair (barring ballet) of this century and were directly responsible for the greatest step in the evolution of modern ballroom dancing (for details of their lives and career, see captions). They were the international household names that Astaire and Rogers are, but their significance was deeper and their fame was won in the days before the facile publicity of the screen. Hollywood, that is to say, the R.K.O. studios, have recorded the Castles' story as much with an eye to a good Astaire-Rogers vehicle as to a genuine monument to the pre-war dancers. The result is that, although a great deal of work in costuming, decor, music and dancing have re-created the Castle period and atmosphere, the film (New Gallery, soon) will probably bewilder admirers of the Astaire-Rogers team and disappoint admirers of the Castles

The film meeting *of the successful young dancer and the stage-struck New Rochelle doctor's daughter takes place thus; they were married May 28th, 1911, went straight to France to score their first big hit in the Café de Paris (April, 1912)*



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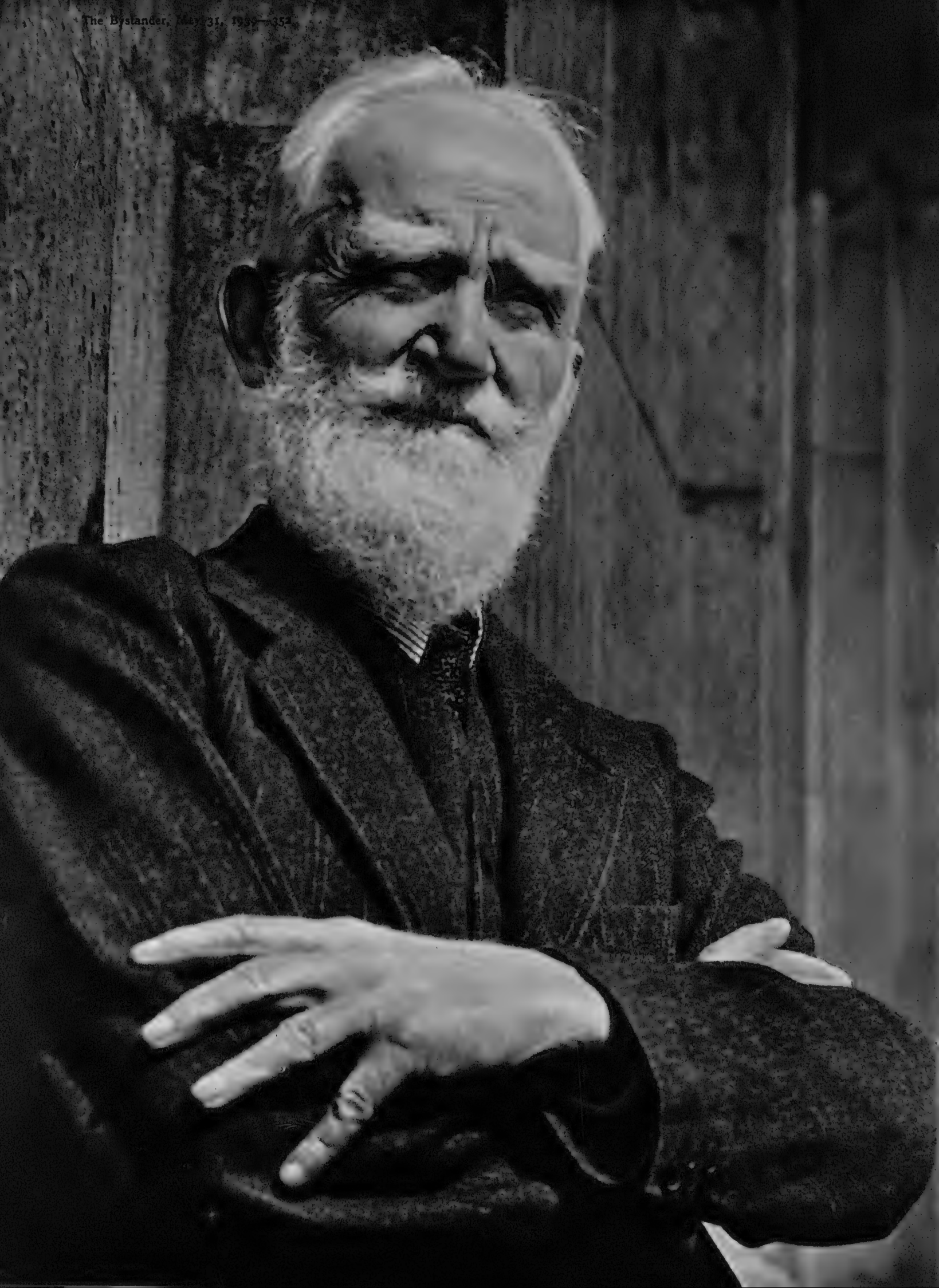
Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Mary Greaves — Another Debutante

Lady Mary Greaves is one of the several important debutantes who have come from Scotland for their first London season this year. She is the youngest of the three daughters of Major Owain Greaves and the Countess of Dysart, whose home is Glen Cannich, Inverness-shire. Her mother is giving a dance for her on June 6th, at 17, Grosvenor Square, where the family is spending the season. Lady Dysart succeeded her uncle, the late Earl of Dysart, in 1935, and is the tenth holder of the title, to which her eldest daughter, Lady Rosamund Greaves, is heir-presumptive. Major Greaves belongs to the Carnarvonshire family, and was formerly in the Blues



"Bystander" Short Story

Giving Up the Ghost

By Peter Traill

Illustrations by Archie Savory

MR. EDGAR WILDE was a big man. When he shook hands, his enveloped other people's rather than grasped them; and when he walked his feet trod the carpet with the slow, measured tread of an elephant. His face, too, was large, with cheeks that were pendulous. Upon his bent shoulders his jacket hung aimlessly, like a sack, and his trousers, baggy at the knees, covered his legs without form. His nose was broad and soft, and his eyes, of the palest blue, were somnolent. Yet, for all his apparent laziness, Mr. Wilde possessed an enthusiasm which made those eyes glitter, and those shoulders straighten.

Some people require a Purple Emperor, others an inverted surcharge, to make their mouths water, but Mr. Wilde was not interested in butterflies or stamps. Painted Ladies and Camberwell Beauties could settle upon his vast forehead with impunity, and forgeries could be turned out as frequently as fogs in November, for all the attention he paid to them; but at the mention of ghosts, Mr. Wilde showed quite another side to his nature. From being an elephant of a man who could be trusted to carry children on his back, or to put his foot on his trainer's stomach with no danger to either, he became a beast that trumpeted and broke his shackles. His blue eyes lit up with the flame of battle, his fingers worked themselves to and fro, and his voice, calm and casual as a rule, jumped an unexpected octave when anyone had the temerity to state in his presence that he had seen a ghost, or even that he had no reason to disbelieve in them.

Of course, those who made such statements said them in ignorance of the true state of affairs, because no one who was aware of Mr. Wilde's chief, and, indeed, only, occupation would be so stupid as to rouse the mass of complacent flesh. People of sense don't go about baiting elephants. But the difficulties which Mr. Wilde encountered in trying to prove to other people that there were no such things as ghosts have troubled many, and more distinguished, people than himself.

Mr. Wilde had been challenging the spirits from the vasty deep—or, for that matter, from anywhere—to make their presence known to him, but after twenty years of patient research, nothing had transpired, and the assertions of people that they had seen, or were on a nodding acquaintance with, a denizen of the next world, roused him to the pitch of hysteria.

In fact, he was brooding on the superstitions and credulities of certain sections of mankind, and taking a gloomy view of their lives, when the post brought him a letter from an old friend of his, Angus McNeal. This Scottish gentleman had but recently succeeded to the lands, titles and estates of his father, and foremost among these was Praghie Castle. This sullen edifice didn't look anything like a castle, but it was credited with a ghost; a fact of which Mr. Wilde was aware. What Angus had to say to him was brief. He was off to Monte Carlo, because he had no intention of spending Christmas and the New Year in such a frightful place as Praghie; he had given his staff a fortnight's holiday, and, if Mr. Wilde was of the same mind as he was ten years ago, he could pick up the key of the castle at the Regent Club and investigate the psychic phenomena connected with it to his heart's content.

Mr. Wilde was of the same mind, and he rushed round to get the key.

It will be noticed that Angus McNeal had not told his friend exactly what kind of apparition to expect at Praghie, and that pleased Mr. Wilde very much indeed, because he held very tenaciously to the theory that if people knew what to expect, their imagination, or superstition, or whatever anyone might dub it, accomplished the rest. In other words, if people were told that an old woman with a flower-pot on her head walked in the greenhouse, sooner or later they would think that they had seen her, but that if they had not been forewarned, they wouldn't have seen anything.

Mr. Wilde therefore set off for Praghie in the best of tempers, since the conditions of his visit were so perfect for his purpose: no one in the house and no preconceived notions to hamper him. He timed himself to arrive in daylight. This was no sign of weakness, for as he had never been to Praghie before, he wanted to find out the lay of the land, and especially the whereabouts of the gas-stove, because he had no intention of fasting, and had put together a pound of sausages, a wodge of bacon and some bread and butter, in case the larder was bare.

The castle stood nicely protected on the north and east by a belt of larches, and, commanding a view over the moors, made an ideal residence for those who preserve themselves from freezing to death by keeping their gunbarrels warm. Mr. Wilde, on stepping inside, was speedily aware that if there were any central heating, it wasn't working. However, he found a fire laid in the hall and had just put a match to it when a voice behind him said: "I think that's a very good idea." To say that Mr. Wilde was annoyed, is putting things mildly. He had counted on being alone and already one of the two charms of the investigation had been reft from it. He turned round and saw a man in a long, black ulster, with the collar fastened about the neck.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name's Quirk," the stranger answered.

"Have you got Mr. McNeal's permission to be here?"

"Certainly; and you?" Mr. Wilde, seeing the sticks had caught, straightened his back and faced Mr. Quirk without enthusiasm.

"Of course," he replied. "My name's Wilde. I've come down here specially to investigate the—er—psychical phenomena connected—or, rather, supposed to be connected—with this place."

"My dear fellow, how perfectly splendid!" Mr. Quirk exclaimed heartily. "That's precisely my own object. You see, when the family and the servants are about, there are so many people running around that it's practically impossible to lay the extraordinary things which occur in this building at anyone's door; and, indeed, since young

Shaw, In the Prime at 82

G.B.S., eighty-three on July 26th, is in the prime and in the news. He has two plays and a film running and a new play ready for production: *Geneva*, the political harlequinade, is back at the Saville well beyond 200 performances; *The Doctor's Dilemma* at the Westminster last week passed a hundred performances for the first time since written (1906); Anthony Asquith's successful film of *Pygmalion* has been running a request revival at the Curzon; and Roy Limbert has announced—after doubts—that the Malvern Festival will open August 7th with the new Shaw in the programme, *In Good King Charles' Golden Days*. Add to this list that *Pygmalion* with Margaret Rawlings as Eliza will open at the "Q" Theatre next week, and *The Doctor's Dilemma* is to be filmed, and you will agree that G.B.S. is in the prime and in the news. This new photograph is by Leo Leigh, F.R.P.S

"Good God," said Mr. Quirk, "aren't you dead?"

Mr. McNeal 's come into residence it is even quite difficult sometimes to make out whose door belongs to whom. I shall welcome your co-operation." Mr. Wilde shrugged his shoulders and accepted the situation with an ill grace.

" If we are to investigate the position properly," he said, " I suppose we shall have to remain together, otherwise we might attribute sounds to other people which were, in fact, made by ourselves."

" I quite agree," Mr. Quirk replied, " and, furthermore, I think we ought to pool our knowledge. For instance, after long and patient research, I have discovered that this man, who treats the castle as if it belonged to him, walks about only in the oldest part—that is to say——"

" I don't want to know ! " Mr. Wilde broke in hoarsely. " I have come here with an open mind, and I want to preserve it. What I discover, we shall see."

" But, my dear man, you really can't get away from the facts," Mr. Quirk replied pettishly. " And it 's stupid of you to try and ignore them. Neither can I be expected to wander round the whole place with you when our unwelcome lodger only promenades in the dining-room, the cellar, and the bedroom over the dining-room ; for that is all that remains of the original building." Mr. Wilde slumped into a chair and looked at the fire in disgust.

" This is most annoying ! " he ejaculated, as he realised that whether he liked it or not, he was now in possession of preconceptions which he particularly wanted to be without.

" It is," Mr. Quirk agreed. " It 's damnably annoying. And I 'll tell you something else," he rushed on before Mr. Wilde could stop him, " he never starts moving until about half-past ten and, though I 've tried hard enough, I 've never caught him up to have a word with him yet." Mr. Wilde groaned : the damage was done, and there was nothing now that he could do about it, but the whole of his huge form quivered with anger.

" Go on," he said sarcastically, " tell me he has a green nose, mauve eyes, and——"

" Nothing of the sort," Mr. Quirk interrupted. " He comes prowling around in a nightgown and a nightcap. How he does it in a vault like this all the year round heaven alone knows ! And he is plainly looking for someone. If I knew who it was, I 'd gladly effect the introduction, provided I could get a word with him."

Mr. Wilde considered Mr. Quirk for a moment in silence, then he rose from his chair and gave the other the benefit of his decision.

" I shall try and ignore all you have said," he replied with dignity, and picking up his package containing the sausages, he turned towards the door. " It is essential to keep an open mind upon matters such as these," he went on, " and I intend to try my best to do so. Which is the way to the kitchen ? " Mr. Quirk moved a little nearer to him.

" There 's nothing to see in the kitchen," he said. " You 're wasting your time."

" I don't want to see anything except the gas-stove," Mr. Wilde replied with heavy sarcasm. " I 've some sausages here, and I 'm hungry." A look of amazement spread over Mr. Quirk's pale, thin, and, now that Mr. Wilde examined more closely, unsubstantial face.

" Good God ! " Mr. Quirk exclaimed. " Aren't you dead ? "

LUCKILY for Mr. Wilde, Angus McNeal's keeper came along a little later to see whether his master's eccentric guest had put in an appearance. He found him lying between the door and the fireplace, and spilled about him were the bacon and the sausages. He revived him with some difficulty, and assisted him to a chair. Mr. Wilde opened his eyes slowly and stared at the keeper for some time, before he put out his hand and, having grasped the other's, felt reassured.

" Where is Mr. Quirk ? " was his first question.

" There 's no one here but you, sir. Unless you brought someone with you," the keeper answered. Mr. Wilde sat up with a jerk.

" Don't talk nonsense ! " Mr. Wilde answered. " I saw him as plainly as I saw you. I talked with him. He 's investigating—he 's ghost-hunting the same as I am." His pale blue eyes held nothing but entreaty. Even at the eleventh hour he hoped against hope that he had been shocked into insensibility by fears that were groundless.

" Oh, you mean the man in the black ulster. He 's been looking into the queer happenings in this place for many a long day," the keeper replied quietly, and Mr. Wilde breathed freely again, but not for long. " So far as I can gather," the keeper continued, " he came up, just as you did yourself, sir ; only he arrived some hundred and twenty years ago. The place was haunted then, as it is now, by an old man in a nightgown. Mr. Quirk was found dead in the best bedroom."

" He was looking for an old man in a nightgown, did you say ? " Mr. Wilde gasped out.

" Yes, but no one has ever had a word with him ; he 's a bit unfriendly But Mr. Quirk has passed the time of day with lots of people." Mr. Wilde gasped again.

" Are there any more — er — ghosts here ? " he asked feebly. The keeper scratched his head.

" That 's difficult to say, sir," he replied. " I 've only seen the old gentleman and Mr. Quirk myself, but you 're not forgetting that the old gentleman is looking for someone." He stroked his chin thoughtfully. " I must say it wouldn't surprise me," he added.

Mr. Wilde spent the night at the keeper's house ; he has now given up psychic research and does absolutely nothing.

THE END.

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"And me b—— lighter's empty!"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Marriage, Massacre and Medicine

By V. S. Pritchett

Adventure is good, but adventure with the stamp of character on it is better: Daisy Bates carrying the aged cannibal maniac home on her back because he was afraid of the thunderstorm, Mary Kingsley rebuking a crocodile with her umbrella. There is a terrific newcomer to this chastening female company in Mrs. Melina Rorke. She is not—as the name suggests—one of the mad Irish who incline to be overfull of themselves, but a South African of Portuguese extraction, and her autobiography, *Melina Rorke By Herself* (Harrap; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is one of the most moving, spirited and alarming stories of a life of action by a woman that I have ever read. It covers only the brief period from the ages of thirteen to twenty-five, but already she was on the grand scale. The whole of the brutal making of South Africa was going on around her in those years and she was in the thick of it.

The calamities of innocence and schoolgirl romance into which she gushed when she was a mere "red-haired chit of a convent child" of thirteen, are hard to credit nowadays. There is a period flavour about that flight from the convent and her marriage on two days' acquaintance, and in cheerful ignorance of what she was doing, to a serious young Irish Rugger player. She lied about her age to him and her marriage night initiated her not merely into the facts of life but into puberty—which must be a record even for Victorian honeymoons. Of course, she was disowned by her family and they did not relent when, a month or two later, and already pregnant, she saw her husband killed before her eyes. The birth of her child was a nightmare. The doctor was drunk and she was saved by a Kaffir woman.

But Mrs. Rorke survived with her child. Taken home, she was a lonely child-widow, cut off from children and from adult women. But her father was British Consul, and at his house she saw Jameson, Rhodes, Beit, and Barnato, the dynamic actors preparing the African tragedy. Privately she took Kruger's side, for she knew him, too. But her brothers were under the Rhodes spell, and at last, when her baby was two years old, she started with her brother on another reckless adventure. They trekked with the child to Bulawayo. That is to say, they went out into the bush—country not only short of water and dangerous with lions and snakes, but where the Matabele were uneasy before the white advance. Rhodes, in any case, was working to provoke incidents that would justify expropriation and annexation. Thereafter Mrs. Rorke's story is one of ambush, war, massacre and continual suspense. She is nearly murdered by a Kaffir beauty; she nurses the sick; shoots a lion—and in milder moments deals with a circle of quarrelling admirers in a woman-hungry country. She escaped massacre and marriage.

What kind of person is she? Courageous, of course, with strong nerves. You can guess at the rest. It is almost absurdly a wish-picture. She adores her brothers, and thinks their wives not good enough.

Audrey Harris

Is the latest travel-writer, with a trip across Siberia to Japan, down to Java and Bali and back by India and Afghanistan as her material. She is one of the few English travellers to have crossed the Oxus, and wrote three articles for "The Times" on this part of her journeying. Her book, "Eastern Visas" (published by Collins), was reviewed by Mr. Pritchett last week

Cool—undoubtedly still under the shock of her marriage—she is a flirt, a bit worried because when she once told a neurotic admirer to shoot himself, he went out and did so. She wanted to go on the stage, and actually became famous as a Red Cross nurse during the Boer War. And then there is the almost inevitable faithful admirer to whom she cannot say Yes or No and who is (rather ludicrously) bitten by a snake on the day she comes home to marry him. It is all too good to be true. In what "patriotic" romance of the Wild West has one read it? And yet it obviously is true—sincerely, humanly and with all the serious naturalness of life.

"I Swear by Apollo," by Dr. W. E. Aughinbaugh (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is an American doctor's story, and it is not on Mrs. Rorke's level. Nevertheless, it is vigorous stuff and maintains the promise of its opening sentence: "My mother had been a nun." The doctor is a Southerner, and at the age of eleven ran away to sea with no very unhappy results, except to his behind when he came back. He set fire to the seat of the sadist who beat him. Later, Dr. Aughinbaugh became a medical in the roughest school of the time. The students used to go out digging up new corpses from the cemeteries in the interests of their impoverished dissecting-room. After some grim doctoring among the negroes and poor whites, he went off to Cuba, worked in a leper colony, saw something of politics in South America, lived for some years in India, and was shocked—it is odd what will shock a case-hardened doctor—to find no telephones nor typewriters in Afghanistan. There are some freak cures. I liked the negress who in a case of childbirth which had defeated the doctors, threw a bagful of snuff over the face of the patient. Sneezing relaxed the abdominal muscles and the child was born. The snuff cure was well known among negroes. A packed and lurid book.

Mr. Llewelyn Powys's autobiography is imaginary. Anyway, *Love and Death* (The Bodley Head; 15*s.*) is imaginative. He writes as a consumptive who, to keep away the horror of leaving the life which consumptives see with such intensified vividness and desire, re-creates the "glamour" of his first love-affair. As a story this is a negligible and conventional affair, and one has none but a "glamorous" picture of Dittany Stone and her lover. There is also this kind of Morte D'Arthur Jabberwocky:

"I remember feeling as if this homely drong, familiar to me since my infancy, had been transformed to a royal path in some greenwood, vert and eldritch."

Mr. Powys's passionate literary paganism is familiar. It rises at times to lyrical heights despite its mediæval posturings. The real subject is the ecstasy of the flesh which is evoked in strong poetic realism. Some of it is admirable but there is, on the whole, something heroically wrong-headed about this attempt to make sex genial; actually, he makes it sound flagrant and like a lost cause. And when Mr. Powys attacks those who say he makes too much of sex, I am afraid the real charge is that he ignores entirely the other primary instincts in human nature. I regard the prophetic claims of the Powyses with dubious eye.

The only good novel I know about flying is William Faulkner's *Pylon*. *The World Owes Me a Living*, by John Llewelyn Rhys (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), reminded me of it, for his is a promising piece of bitter reporting. Here is a collection of the nervous wrecks of circus aviation, good men wasting in a precarious profession and seen in and out of bars, cars, and cockpits. Their talk is excellent. Mr. Rhys has a really individual and vivid sense of the England that is on its beam-ends and is taking a chance—and that is a fair slice of middle-class youth. His brief descriptions of flights and especially a cruel picture of a crash, are remarkable. As a novel the book is scrappy, but Mr. Rhys is an exciting talent in his special line.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

"READY? . . . . hold it . . . Right. But did I remember to wind after the last picture?" Holiday snaps can be a bit of a bore sometimes, but not, one would imagine, if you are wearing bathing-suits like these, from Harrods, Knightsbridge. They are the latest "dressmaker bathers"—and yes, you can really go into the sea with them. The girl on the right wears a bather with quilted coat to match, made in printed cotton. It's candy pink, with a medallion design in white outlined with rosebuds and pale blue lover's knots. The bather has jersey trunks underneath. Entirely different in character is the striped suit, in pink and black silk. You'll be very gay and vivid in this affair, and there is a delightful box coat in the same material for 45s. The "operator" on the extreme left is wearing a printed satin and "Lastex" yarn one-piece. It is white, printed with the signs of the zodiac in brilliant purples, greens, and yellows. The price is 3½ guineas, but Harrods have other printed or plain satin and "Lastex" yarn suits from 25s. They are well worth inspecting

A "Quick One"—at the Hat Bar

HERE 'S a new way of buying a hat: you just "drop into the Bar" for one, in the same casual way that you "turn in" for eleven o'clock coffee. And it 's just as easy as that. The new Hat Bar, photographed at the top of the page, is on the first floor at Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, and every hat is "prix fixe" at one guinea. So you can sit in front of a mirror and choose the hat you like with nothing but your own preference to influence your choice. It 's a remarkably stimulating feeling: it really makes a new hat a gay adventure. You 'll like shopping in the Bar. You 'll like the informality of it; the simplicity of seeing what you want and making a long arm for it. Not to mention the hats. They are an impressive collection; young and gay, but all wearable, and mostly of a type that will complement not only one outfit but several

Scott Bushe

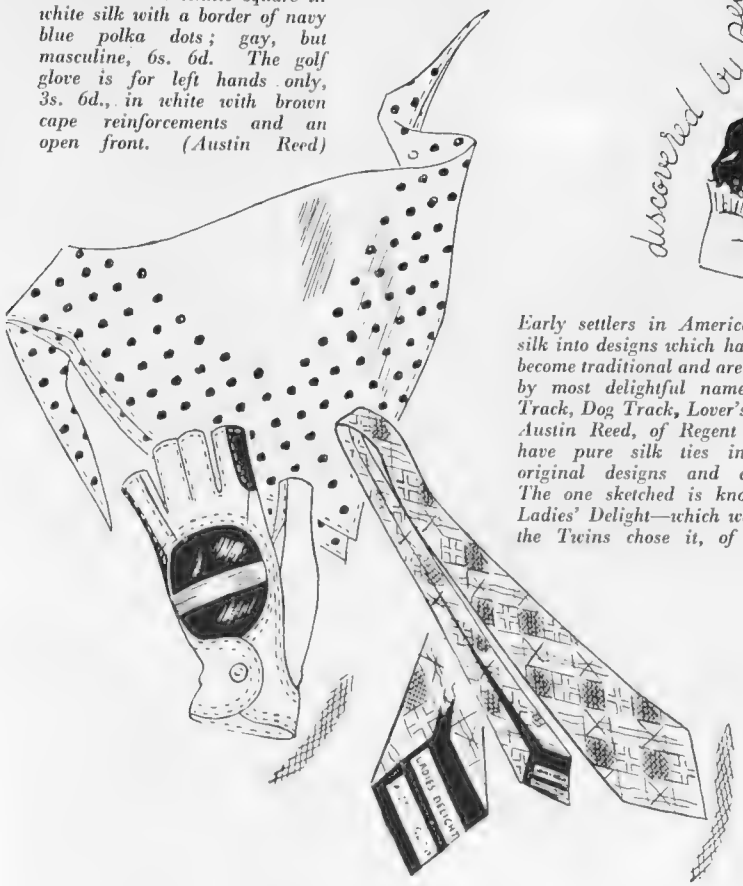
THERE 'S indecision at the top of the page; customer in the black "tailor" cannot make up her mind. (There 's often this difficulty at the Hat Bar, they say; the best solution is to take both, of course.) Rival hats in the top picture are a natural straw boater trimmed with narrow black lace and velvet ribbons, which the lady wears, and the hat she holds, a black coarse straw with a posy of marguerites and a white veil. Two other "winners" are seen at the side: above, a tall-crowned shape in black fancy coarse straw which is immensely becoming. It has a large and luscious bunch of cherries posed against the crown. You might wear this hat with a suit, and pin a twin bunch of cherries to your lapel; with a white Broderie Anglaise blouse you will look delightfully pastoral-sophisticate. The white hat is less "dressy" but no less smart. Wear it on sunny mornings with a flannel suit, or with informal frocks. It 's in white straw, and you can have it bound in navy or black petersham. "Hat Bar" is definitely the answer when you want something frivolous for a wedding—the kind of hat that will automatically get you a good seat in the church. Ask to see a tiny flowered cap and a sentimental black straw trimmed with white lace and pink roses. Either of these will undoubtedly impress the most blasé usher

the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta

pictured by pam

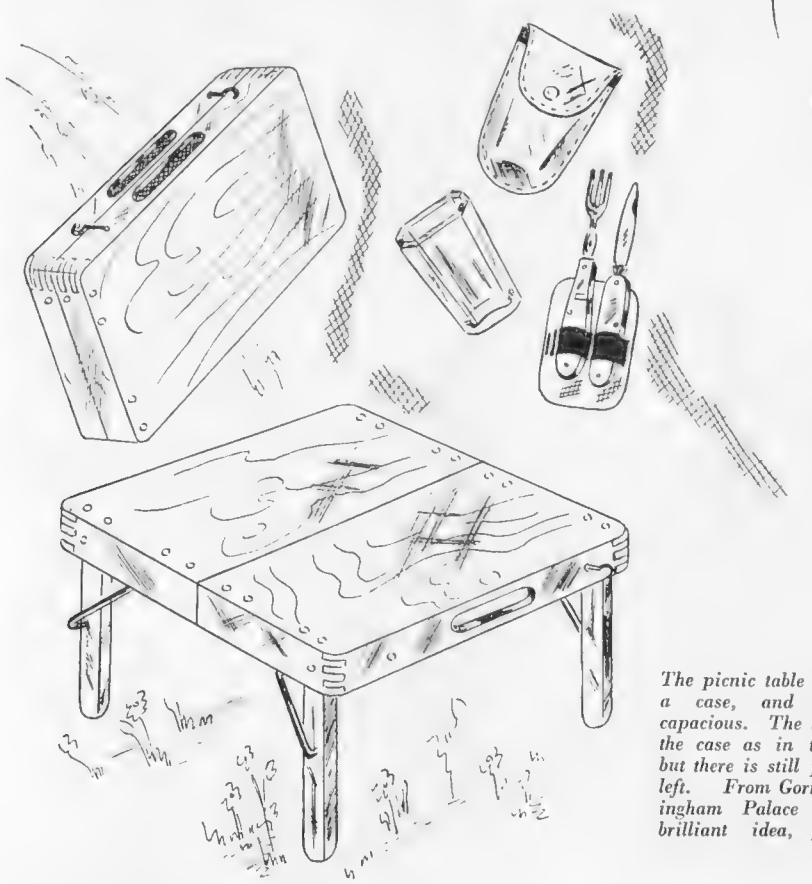
It would be a nice gesture to remember his birthday . . . he would like this tennis square in white silk with a border of navy blue polka dots; gay, but masculine, 6s. 6d. The golf glove is for left hands only, 3s. 6d., in white with brown cape reinforcements and an open front. (Austin Reed)



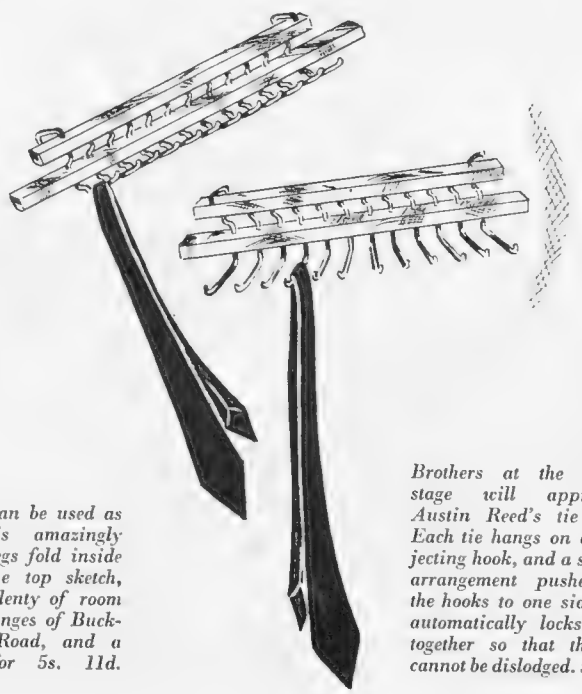
Early settlers in America wove silk into designs which have now become traditional and are known by most delightful names—Cat Track, Dog Track, Lover's Knot. Austin Reed, of Regent Street, have pure silk ties in these original designs and colours. The one sketched is known as Ladies' Delight—which was why the Twins chose it, of course

Chronologically, there's something wrong about a strawberry plant which boasts fruit and blossom at the same time. But you won't mind when you see this boutonnière from Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus. It costs 2s. 11d.

Picnic accessory for stalkers, explorers, or even the humbler fry who eat chicken mayonnaise off a cardboard plate under the impression that they are living the simple life. Gorringes have the folding knife and fork, which together with a small-size glass fits into a pigskin case. 4s. 6d.



The picnic table can be used as a case, and is amazingly capacious. The legs fold inside the case as in the top sketch, but there is still plenty of room left. From Gorringes of Buckingham Palace Road, and a brilliant idea, for 5s. 11d.



Brothers at the dressy stage will appreciate Austin Reed's tie rack. Each tie hangs on a projecting hook, and a sliding arrangement pushes all the hooks to one side and automatically locks them together so that the ties cannot be dislodged. 5s. 6d.

Gardener's Chronicle

Flowers in London

By R. C. Jenkinson

" For the first two days of the Show, goloshes, umbrellas and warm overcoats were more important to visitors than the flowers they came to see "

Chelsea

At any rate for the first two days of the Show, goloshes, umbrellas and warm overcoats were more important to visitors than the flowers they came to see. For who can fill his notebook with fresh ideas or appreciate the beauty and skilful arrangement of even the best stands in an atmosphere of grey gloom, up to his ankles in mud and chilled to the marrow by wind and rain ?

Yet I think the Chelsea of 1939 has lessons to teach. First, the enthusiasm that impelled so many visitors to brave the elements proves a universal love of gardening ; secondly, while the Show was a week early, the growing season is late ; a conjunction of circumstances which enabled some flowers to be shown in perfection that would ordinarily be over, or at the end of their span of life.

For example, the Sherwood Cup, the highest award obtainable, was given this year for the first time to an exhibit of tulips, an exhibit, I venture to say, which has never been paralleled, as far as this flower is concerned. Lilies, on the other hand, were a little backward, while I did not see a single display of gladioli or dahlias, which always made me rather sick in May.

Anyhow, those who missed the Show have missed a lot, including a great chance of choosing hardy annuals for next year, from a wonderful display of plants, shown in great variety and beautifully staged.

Gardening in London : Window-boxes—

Window-boxes contribute much to the summer gaiety of London's streets, and with a little ingenuity and forethought one can have some lovely, original boxes.

Yesterday, passing along Ebury Street, I saw a charming arrangement : at either end of the box, a pot of white lilies, in the centre a large pot of white hydrangea, and a ground of white alyssum. Another box had been painted white, and was stuffed with sprigs of box, through which came red-and-white striped tulips.

Many houses or flats have at the back an open flat roof where different plants can be grown on in pots, to be placed in the front window-boxes at the appropriate season, a form of gardening which is both interesting and inexpensive.

One may ring the changes indefinitely. All sorts of bulbs—daffodils, tulips, various lilies, gladioli, camassias, tigridias and others can be used. Early, mid-season and late rhododendrons and azaleas would be charming, with small bushy plants of broom, in various colours, viburnum carlesii, veronica hulheava, with lovely long spikes of pale mauve, and many another shrub. The geraniums are a charming family, some for flower, some for their scented leaves, many of which can be easily grown and are very suitable for our purpose.

Now that a fuchsia society has been formed, I hope that this enchanting genus of plants will regain the popularity it enjoyed in our grandmothers' day. Here, again, there is a great variety from which to choose.

In short, there is no longer any reason to which we should confine ourselves for window-boxes, to serried ranks of geranium, white marguerite, or petunia, where so wide a choice is available—and I have not even mentioned the host of lovely annuals at our disposition.

—And Back Gardens

Those who are compelled by their work to live in London and live, as many do, in houses where there are small back gardens, need not tremble at the prospect of giving up flowers. Is not Kew itself very much in London, and under the direct influence of gas works ?

I think that evergreens should in the main be avoided, for their leaves are bound to collect all the dirt there is in the atmosphere and look grubby for ten months of the year ; and who wants to go out and see their garden in mid-winter ? No, I think London gardeners should confine themselves to all sorts of bulbs, deciduous flowering shrubs, autumn-colouring shrubs, and herbaceous plants, and if a neighbour has got to be shut out, use some form of trellis with climbers over it.

Amongst shrubs for spring, forsythia, magnolia and lilac are outstanding, so well do they succeed in town gardens. For climbers, give me wistaria, vines, and roses. For autumn colour, the stag's horn sumach (rhustyphina laciniata), amelanchien, and berberis.

I have just been to see a friend's garden in Kensington, about 50 feet long by 20 wide. At the further end, two standards of the double pink cherry kwanyan flank a door into the street. The left-hand wall is covered by a white screen—jessamine, a wistaria and a rose, with a narrow 18-inch border for bulbs and annuals—chiefly sweet-scented ones—at its foot. Against the right wall there are roses and a honeysuckle, and on the house itself, facing south, vitis coignetiæ, a Japanese of rampant growth which turns to orange and scarlet in October. The border, 4 feet wide, against the right wall is filled with pæonies, irises and lupins, one magnolia, two clumps of delphinium and gladiolus to follow, and as the garden is only one month old, the other bulbs, daffodils, tulips and lilies, grape-hyacinth, crocus and scillas must go in next November.

Of the twenty-eight gold awards made in the Chelsea Flower Show, one went to this exhibit of florists' flowers from Carter's Tested Seeds

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The purest Gin blended with the juices of the finest oranges and lemons makes the perfect pair! You will find Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin exhilarating as a cocktail, refreshing as a long drink.

● Have you tried 3 parts Gordon's Orange Gin to 1 part Lime Juice Cordial? It's delicious.

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In the News Out of Doors

Talking to Pandas' No. 3

The Duchess of Gloucester went down to Hurlingham to see her husband play No. 2 for Pandas in a semi-final tie for the Wimbledon Cup against Edmundsbury, was photographed in her car talking to the Pandas' No. 3, Colonel Lord Barnby. He and the Duke both scored goals for their side, which was, however, defeated 8—5 on even handicaps

Replacing Edmundsbury's No. 3

In the Edmundsbury-Pandas tie, the former team's No. 3, Captain R. O. Critchley, fell and strained a shoulder, halfway through the game. Thereon up stood Jackie Traill and offered to replace him, which he did excellently, and in suède shoes and cowboy chaps over his pin-stripe suit, as herewith

"The Amateur" at Hoylake

Richard Chapman, seen at practice with his attractive wife, entered for the amateur golf championship from Greenwich County, U.S.A., was one of several Americans (including the holder, whom he beat) at the Royal Liverpool Club. *More players on pages 366, 368*

1939 Dresses 1889

Putney Lawn Tennis Club, the second oldest in the world, celebrated this month their diamond jubilee, and one of the features of the afternoon's programme was a period match played in costumes (and with racquets) of 1889. Kay Stammers, most photographed of modern tennis girls, adjusted Mr. E. W. Godfrey's tie before the game

Coy but Agile

Frills and furbelows and ever so dainty little hats adorned Mrs. Godfrey and Mrs. P. Moretti for the costume match at the Putney L.T.C.'s diamond jubilee celebrations. A faster feature of the programme were exhibition matches by Kay Stammers, Margot Lumb, Mary Hardwick and Jean Nicoll

Sisters at Surbiton

Margot Lumb, as well as exhibiting her prowess to celebrate Putney's diamond jubilee, was photographed last week with younger sister Bernice at the opening of the grass season at Surbiton, where the championships of Surrey started

Pets' Corner Re-opens

Pets' Corner in the Zoo was opened for the season last week by Elsie and Doris Waters, and a distinguished gathering of animal fans was there to renew acquaintance with the stars of this popular section and with their youthful keepers. This co-operative scene was posed by two of the latter and by Cocky the cockatoo and Psyche the baby llama

Ferdinand and the Queen

Pamela Bartlett, sixteen, is one of the youngest keepers in Pets' Corner, and also one of the prettiest (a view borne out by her home town of Billericay, who have elected her carnival queen this year). She is feeding Ferdinand, the newly-acquired baby American bison

According to reports, the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, one of London's most charming summer features, should have better luck with weather this year than so far. The first piece, "Much Ado," opens on Saturday under the direction of Robert Atkins, who will also direct "Pericles" a fortnight after, and the open-air favourite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" after that. Here members of the company ballet corps rest by the pond in Queen Mary's Gardens between rehearsals

Ballet Reflections: Dancers of the Open Air Theatre by a Regent's Park Pond

Before the Ball

The Royal Academy of Dancing is to hold a ball for the first time in its history, on Thursday week at Grosvenor House. The ball, whose committee is under the presidency and chairmanship of Princess Marie Louise, will include a grand fête de ballet arranged by Ninette de Valois, for which this trio is practising

Parliamentary and Otherwise

By Eleanor E. Helme

WHY, oh why, does everything clash? Not that the Parliamentary at Pulborough was not the best possible fun—except when the weather drove even the most rigid of Parliamentarians into trousers, which are usually anathema to them. But, having a great weakness for watching any girl, past or present, distinguish herself, I should dearly have liked to be at Turnberry, where laurels showered thick upon so many graduates from Stoke, such as Miss Nan Baird, winning the Baby Quaich, the individual score competition, and the Scouler Buchanan scratch aggregate; Miss Sheila Stroyan showing what it is to be a girl champion by the way she beat Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, whilst BYSTANDER Foursomes laurels were still fresh upon her; Miss Jean Donald and Miss Jean Kerr doing well; most of all, Miss Jessie Anderson coming through, beating the reigning Open Champion, Mrs. Holm, in the semi-final, and Miss C. M. Park at the nineteenth in a desperate final.

Or if I could have been at Morfontaine for the French Close, there would have been the final between two ex-Girl Champions, Mme. Lacoste and Mlle. Lally Vagliano, who played quite brilliantly, especially in the matter of the iron shots, all through. Those of our internationals who played at Morfontaine last year will appreciate what it means that Lally was round in 75 in the morning to Mme. Lacoste's 77—the latter is par—and then dashed away with three birdies to be 7 up, before Mme. Lacoste counter-attacked with some of the same standard, so that Lally only won on the fifteenth. It is good to think of seeing her at Bramshot on June 2nd, and the temptation to say "Who can stop her at Stoke next September?" would be irresistible, if one did not remember the sort of golf that Maureen Ruttle and Jean Donald have also been playing.

MISS PEGGY EDWARDS has now added Lancashire Champion to her Girls' title, and Miss Joan Hives and Miss Nancy Cook, by wins in Derbyshire and at Beaconsfield, have shown that an apprenticeship at Stoke does help, even if one leaves there without any special distinction.

Then it would have been interesting to be at Swansea and watch Miss Burrell become Welsh Champion, though that must have been a sad meeting, clouded by the sudden death of Mrs. Lewis Jones, who for eighteen years had been their starter, and the impending resignation of Miss Cunninghame from the Hon. Secretaryship of the Welsh L.G.U. It was rather comic that Mrs. Marriner Briggs, who succeeds her, should draw and defeat Miss Cunninghame in the Championship, a very appropriate way of playing yourself out of and into office.

ALL these things, however, are at second hand; what I eye-witnessed was the Parliamentary jamboree at West Sussex course. It was a mammoth meeting this year; but just as the course dried up miraculously after twelve hours' rain, and played perfectly, so Miss Beryl Harvey, Captain Roscow, and all the kind lady officials of the Club performed equal miracles of temper-keeping and juggling with a starting-list made hay of by the delay consequent on weather and other causes outside their control. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves right royally, as well they might, with so much done for them, the course in first-class order, and Sussex scenery (when the rain stopped) in spring glory.

The final of the tournament had yet to be played; the entry had burst its bounds, and the two finalists could not stay for the unexpected fourth day, so Mrs. Leslie Bushman and Mrs. C. Hill Wood could pause and ponder over how the one beat Mrs. Idina Mills—that poor lady having to try to give her twelve strokes—and the other Mrs. John Morrison, who was giving five, in the semi-finals. The two winners had been spotted all the week as very well in on handicap, so it remained to be seen how they fared against each other. Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, and Mrs. Mills all produced valorous golf in giving strokes, sometimes even one each hole, and kept extremely near fours in doing so. That was, of course, the only way, but even that was insufficient in the semi-finals.

Nobody in the Parliamentary tournament week ever has a dull minute. There were scratch and handicap and aggregate and bogey foursomes, and flag foursomes, cups and prizes, of which Mrs. Style carried away both scratch, with 86 one day and 80 the next; Mrs. T. H. Harker, the handicap aggregate and both medal rounds; Miss Helena Saunderson, the bogey; Lady Romilly and Miss Mulholland, the flag; and Lady Knollys and Miss Rankin, ordinary bogey foursomes. In addition to which a very great many players who can only be called occasional golfers—I am sorry if that sounds like the tables in a Victorian drawing-room—played a great many pleasing shots, and that, after all, is what they went for. Not everybody can say that after some meetings.

The Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. Tournament at West Sussex

All but the finals of the L.P.G.A. annual tournament were played at Pulborough; Mrs. Leslie Bushman and Mrs. Idina Mills were semi-final opponents, when the former won by 3 and 2, receiving 12 strokes

NEXT day saw ladies' day at Hindhead, and a very bad example they set the mixed and the men who were to follow. And there was no excuse; the greens were lovely, and the whole course in grand condition. It may not fulfil quite all the canons of classicism, but it would be hard to find a pleasanter place to play golf, a course in better condition, or one more pleasing to the eye. It was a joy just to walk round. The par of 71 remained immune from all attacks, even by bronze division, and no scratch score lower than Mrs. Kennedy's 82 was returned. Mrs. Kennedy played steadily enough for that total, but simply could not putt. Mrs. Lovett Cameron putted still worse, and Miss Beryl Pockett, who looked to swing so impressively, was all over the place. Miss Heyworth was chief prize-winner in the silver and Stapleford department, and Miss V. Trollope in the bronze.

The L.P.G.A. waived their usual objection to trousers in view of the deluge which fell on their annual tournament at Pulborough, West Sussex, as can be seen here; the wearers are Miss Victoria Villiers, Miss V. Mills, Mrs. C. R. Style (who won the scratch prize both days) and Mrs. C. H. Alison

Every dog has his day, and the Hon. Mrs. Osmund Scott's Garry had his when he was mentioned by the golf correspondent in the "Times" after the L.P.G.A. meeting

Mrs. C. Hill-Wood and Mrs. John Morrison (Gwen Cradock-Hartopp) met in a semi-final at Pulborough, and the former, with the help of five strokes, beat the latter, last year's winner of the event

A GREYHOUND DERBY "PERSONALITY"

A striking photograph of Mr. G. J. Heast's "Roeside Creamery," winner of the 1938 "Pall Mall" at Harringay and one of the favourites for the Greyhound Derby at White City on June 24th. The measurements of "Roeside Creamery"—Height: 27 inches, Girth: 30½ inches, Tail: 18½ inches—are the formula of almost perfect racing greyhound dimensions.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Bramshot Golf Club

BEFORE it was decided to hold the *Daily Mail* golf tournament of 1936 at Bramshot, near Fleet, the course of the Bramshot Golf Club was only known to a few. During that meeting, and even at the present time, strangers have found their way to Bramshott, Hampshire, instead of Bramshot, Hampshire. Bramshott is close to the good courses at Blackmoor and Liphook, so those who have gone there in mistake for Bramshot have been able, in spite of their errors, to enjoy a day's golf on a really good course.

It is really rather extraordinary than such a very fine course as the one at Bramshot should have lived in more or less seclusion for so many years.

The course was designed as long ago as 1905, and has had, since the war, alterations carried out to the suggestions of H. S. Colt.

I BELIEVE the reason why Bramshot is not known better is because some people imagine that it is rather inaccessible from London. It is true that by motor-car it will take you about twenty minutes more than going to Sunningdale or Woking, and no doubt this extra twenty minutes going and another extra twenty minutes returning does make a big difference in the winter, expecially when fog is experienced or when road conditions are bad. If, however, you go to your golf by train, Bramshot club-house can be reached quicker and more comfortably than the courses near Woking and Sunningdale. At Woking Station, whether you are going to play at the Woking Golf Club, the Worplesdon Golf Club, or West Hill Golf Club, you must take a taxi, while at Sunningdale you have to carry your clubs and bag up a very stiff hill. At Bramshot there is a "halt" at the club-house, which was constructed by the Southern Railway but at the expense of the club. The trains from Waterloo to Bramshot Halt take only a few minutes longer than from Waterloo to Sunningdale, and from Waterloo the first tee at Bramshot can be reached in quicker time than the first tees at Woking or Sunningdale.

The course is situated on the Bagshot sand, which provides the best inland imitation of real seaside golf. How lucky the golfers who live south of London are to have so many lovely heather courses, while their poor brothers in the north of London have to play the game on heavy clay, which in winter is unpleasantly sticky and in summer unpleasantly hard! At Bramshot you hardly ever have to wipe your boots in winter, and in the summer the ball bites the fairway and, consequently, the ridiculously long tee-shots, which ruin all golf holes, are not seen.

THE fairways are narrower than on the majority of courses, but there is at every hole ample room for a well-played shot. A bad tee-shot finds short heather, and it is only the wild shot which finishes in deep heather or trees. I mention this particularly as in some accounts of play at Bramshot, it has been suggested that if you are the least bit crooked you find your ball in a horrid or unplayable spot. This is a most unjust criticism and entirely untrue.

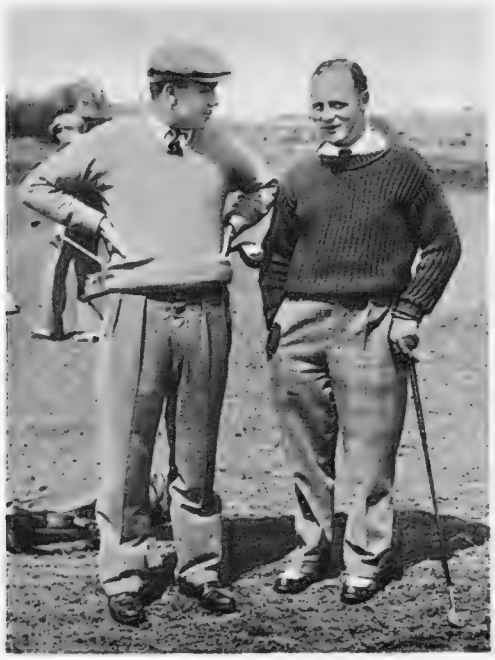
The two-shot holes are nearly all of good length and make the modern golfer think whether he will take his number one with one star or his number two with three stars on numerous occasions. The judging of distance is, as it should be, difficult. One of the reasons for this is that there are no superfluous bunkers, which give the distance of the shot to the player and serve no useful purpose.

WHEN playing at Bramshot, even when the course is crowded, you feel isolated and seldom see those playing in other matches. The fourteenth green, as at Woking, is close to the club-house, so it is easy after playing fourteen holes to quench your thirst on a hot day or to cease play if you are rushed for time.

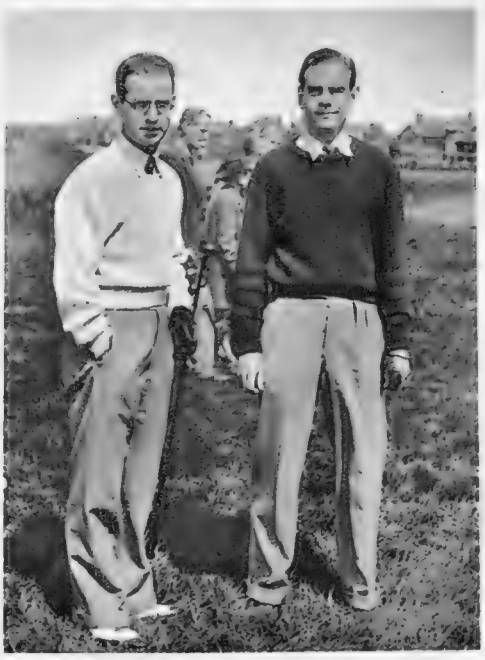
The seventeenth is a short hole with the

(Concluded on page 368)

The amateur golf championship *was played last week round the Royal Liverpool Club's course at Hoylake, and a large entry provided many good matches. One of the most interesting in prospect was that between experience and precocity in the persons of Leonard Crawley and James Bruen, which in fact provided a decisive and uninteresting win for the latter by 4 and 3*



An American-Scottish match *of some excitement was fought in the second round between Charlie Yates, the Atalantan (U.S.A.) holder, and Donald Cameron, a West Coast Scotsman who was capped last year. Yates scored an unconvincing win by 2 and 1*



An all-Scottish match *in the Championship was one between Andrew McNair, who recently won the Royal St. George's Challenge Cup, and Hector Thomson, Scotland's foremost player, who this year started as a 9 to 1 chance. Thomson's was a 2 and 1 win*

An American Challenger *to his compatriot, the holder, was William E. Holt, Junior, a player from Syracuse, N.Y. Holt, seen here at practice before the Championship began, walked over into the third round, P. Crichton, Junior (Winged Foot, U.S.A.), having scratched*

This England . . .

Surrey farm, nr. Dorking

MUCH do we owe to the Great Horse of England and Henry VIII was at one time much concerned for its due maintenance. Wherefore his Bill for the Breed of Horses begins: "For as much as the breed and generation of good and strong horses within this realm extendeth not only to a great help and defence of the same but is also a great commodity and profit to the inhabitants . . ." The clauses enact that all forests, chases and commons be "driven" within fifteen days of Michaelmas and all colts unpromising, and horses not being of the "height of fifteen handfulls," be destroyed. Ruthless, but it gave us the handsome "Shire" of to-day—2,000 lbs. of docile, intelligent strength. And who but those same men fostered that great beer of England, your Worthington—also strong yet docile, bred to aid us royally through the labours of the day.

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More Players who met in the Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake

Dr. W. Tweddell, the former champion from Stourbridge, met and beat T. C. J. Manners in the second round by 7 and 6

Cyril Tolley provided a surprise result by losing to Walter McLeod by a hole in the second round after being three up with four to play

Anthony Duncan (right), the Army Champion, entered from Southerndown ; his second-round victim by a hole was G. H. Micklem (left)

The Bramshot Golf Club (*Continued from page 366*)

tee on the edge of a large lake. All the ground round this tee is so sandy that you can almost imagine you are playing on a seaside course.

The course generally is full of interest and has great variety. At several holes you have to decide whether you will take the bold line and give yourself an easy second and a chance of a three, or whether you will attempt to play the easiest tee shot, knowing you will be faced with a difficult or perhaps impossible second.

The fairways and greens are nearly always in good condition. The greens are sufficiently firm and fast to disallow the shot which is not crisply struck to pitch and stay on them. If you have not played at Bramshot you should take the first opportunity of doing so, and if you do, I am sure you will be delighted with the course and also with the arrangements for your comfort in the club-house.

NEXT Friday, June 2nd, the ladies of France are playing the ladies of Great Britain at Bramshot for the cup which was presented by that great French golfer, André Vagliano, and there is no doubt that the course will prove itself worthy of the occasion.

THE INTELLIGENT stockbroker wears clothes that are well built, and when the markets are against him, he is doubly thankful that good clothes retain their style throughout their long life. It must be galling to him to realise that, as an investment, he can offer nothing to approach them.

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Mostly About Flying

By Charles Ward

Group-Captain A. H. Orlebar, who is in command at Northolt, welcomes Captain Harold Balfour, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, during one of the latter's tours of inspection

Air Force Blue

THE weather was kind to a million spectators on Empire Air Day, and the R.A.F. staged the biggest and best display in celebration of its twenty-first birthday. There was remarkable unanimity in guessing the number of 'planes that took part—most of the papers quoted that pleasantly round number, 5000. Whether it was inspired officially or not, the number must be fairly accurate, but more important than quantity was the quality of the flying by young pilots with no more than a year's training behind them. Programmes were different at each station, but every observer recorded accurate formations and there were enough individual turns to instruct and amuse the crowd. My own particular tour extended no further from London than Hendon and Northolt. The scene at Hendon was in great contrast to those of earlier days, when the display was the culmination of all R.A.F. training. This year it was the air event for the locality, with the stalls occupied by relations and friends of the Auxiliary Squadrons who fly there. "Blenheims" filled the sky and appeared every bit as handy on control as the "Harts" which they replaced.

Talking of "Blenheims," the fastest flight ever made from Pretoria to Durban has been accomplished by a Bristol "Blenheim" twin-engined bomber. Piloted by Major R. H. Preller, it left Pretoria at 9.35 a.m. and landed at Durban 77 minutes later, covering 330 miles at an average speed of 257 miles an hour. The record time in the opposite direction is 73 minutes, achieved by a Hawker "Hurricane" single-seat fighter. Latest versions of the "Blenheim," now going into service in the Royal Air Force, have a maximum speed of 295 m.p.h. and a range of nearly 2000 miles carrying full military load.

Peabody Interrupts

THE even flow of skilled exhibition flights at Northolt was interrupted by a Mr. Peabody and his friend, who gave a demonstration of how not to do it. It was a variation of the old turn where pilot and pupil are in the same machine. In this case, the leader kept his course and the two pupils in separate aircraft attempted to follow his movements. Conversation from the air by wireless was relayed through numerous loud-speakers and the success of the event could be gauged by the laughter en masse, the sound of which rose and fell like the comment of the crowd at a football match. Peabody did well out of the show in getting dates with several blondes but his friend incurred the wrath of a policeman on a white horse by making pointed remarks about the traffic-jam in Western Avenue.

A striking fact about Empire Air Day, 1939, was the number of children present. The last announcement which I heard at Northolt, after the party was over, went as follows: "Control calling, control calling; there are still twelve children unclaimed. Will parents please collect?" But what a marvellous show for the money!—if everyone, including the hedge-guests, paid something, R.A.F. charities should benefit by £50,000.

(Concluded on page iv)

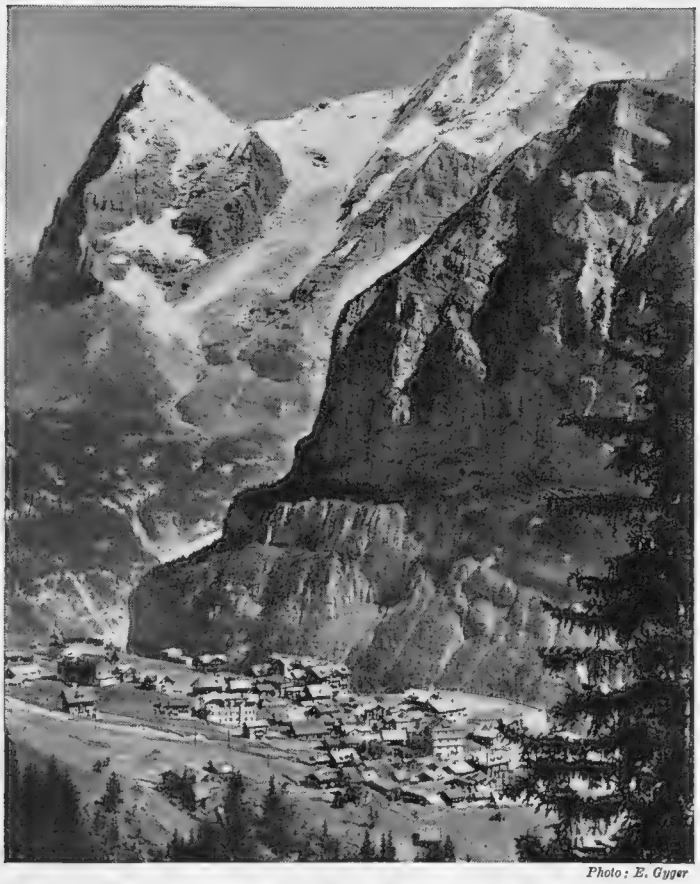

Photo: E. Gyger

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INFORMATION: Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways & State Travel Bureau, Mailing Dept. 5, 11-B Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

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"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L. (I)

Mostly About Flying

(*Continued from page* ii)

The Air Ferry

THE Weston-Cardiff air ferry, an enterprise of the Straight Corporation, has a frequency of 58 services a day, which means departures every half-hour in each direction. Such intensive operations is something new in air transport, for it assumes that passengers will treat the air line in the same manner as a provincial bus service, but, having missed a connection, they don't have to shelter under a tree, for there 's a comfortable lounge and a restaurant at their disposal. On the Paris route, Imperials and British Airways have gone halfway towards the ideal of " every hour on the hour." The present time-table offers a departure every two hours from each capital, and traffic returns have justified the increased facilities.

Flying-Boat to Motor-Boat

SUPERMARINE'S, now a part of the great Vickers organisation, was under the control of Hubert Scott-Paine during the European War, and it was due largely to his initiative and ability as a designer that the company took such a prominent part in flying-boat development. The secret of success in the early Supermarine boats lay in the shape and structure of the hull. Scott-Paine transferred his interest to motor-boats, and the same genius is apparent to-day. His company's product, British Power Boats, are in use by Imperial Airways for every conceivable purpose throughout the Empire. The R.A.F. use them for targets, for tenders, and for life-saving. The Navy has Power Boats for offence and defence—to despatch torpedoes and drop depth-charges. The latest is illustrated on this page. Three Rolls-Royce " Merlin " engines, adapted for marine use, deliver 3300 horse-power. Under wartime conditions the boat would carry a crew of eight and two officers, but on her cross-Channel trips there was a complement of sixteen. For one trip full war-load conditions were produced. Ballast and extra passengers were carried to represent the weight of armament, and fuel tanks were full, a phenomenal range. She has the fastest attack and the smallest target silhouette of any similar type of craft afloat to-day. Armament consists of two 21-in. torpedo-tubes or, alternatively, four 18-in. torpedo-tubes. She carries two or three power-worked, weather-proof gun turrets and smoke-screen apparatus. She has a cruising speed higher than the maximum speed of any other vessel of equivalent hitting power and strategical mobility as a warship. Vibration is completely absent.

This motor torpedo-boat broke all records for a sea crossing of the Channel with Hubert Scott-Paine, the famous designer, at the helm. The boat's average speed from the Needles to Cherbourg, carrying full war load, was 48 miles an hour

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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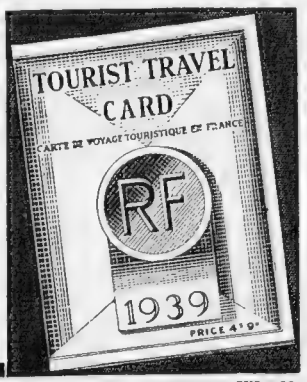

CVS—50

Summer, and the Austin "Ten"
Mr. Hess writes of this car here

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

As you read these notes the Scottish Rally will be in full swing. This year there are 136 competitors. Starting away from Glasgow on Whit-Monday, they covered a distance of 205 miles, finishing up at Pitlochry, where a halt was called for the night. Yesterday and to-day runs of about 190 miles are the order of the day, taking in all the best scenery in the north-eastern highlands. Last night, and again to-night, competitors will stop at Pitlochry, and to-morrow we have to return to Glasgow, the whole affair winding up with a coachwork competition in Glasgow on Friday.

I am driving the same Jensen which I took through the R.A.C. Brighton Rally, and I am hopeful that it will finish reasonably high up in the final placings, for this Rally is liberally interspersed with special tests each day—and the Jensen simply revels in tests!

The new Austin "Ten" is really very like the "Eight" in outward appearance—and that is a compliment! When introducing the latest addition to the Austin range, Lord Austin remarked that altogether upwards of 200,000 "Tens" have been made at Longbridge—so they ought to know something about it by now. "Unit construction" is embodied on the new car, and this provides for a stronger and larger body with better seating capacity and comfort for both driver and passengers. By reducing weight it has also been possible to improve not only the road performance, but also operating economy.

I can honestly say that I have never before seen a car which so simplifies driving and maintenance for the private owner. The instruments—all the essential ones are there, including an electric clock, but no unnecessary dials to confuse—are conveniently grouped; the hand-brake is now located between the front seats, completely the right place for a hand-brake; the simple jacking arrangements eliminate frayed tempers, and the under-bonnet lay-out is exemplary.

Even without the added inducement of Sir John Simon's little gesture, this car inevitably would have been a best-seller. The Tourer and the Fixed-Head Saloon are both listed at £175, while an additional £10 is asked for the Sliding-Head Saloon. Particular attention has been paid to the question of luggage accommodation, and this is more than usually ample for a car of this size.

The whole future of British motor-racing would appear to depend upon the result of the Nuffield Trophy race at Donington on June 10th. When the trustees of the British Motor Racing Fund met Humphrey Cook recently to discuss the future of the E.R.A. concern, they told him that they were reluctantly compelled to decline his offer to transfer the entire undertaking for them to organise and administer. The reason they gave for their decision was that they felt that the proposition was beyond their scope. Whereupon Humphrey Cook, like the sportsman he is, immediately told the trustees that, although his decision to close down the present company still stood, he was prepared to continue being personally responsible for the racing of the official E.R.A. cars for a few weeks until the fund gets on its feet. This means that E.R.A. official entries will feature in the Nuffield Trophy race, in which it is expected that works teams of Mercedes-Benz, Alfa-Romeo and Maserati will also compete.

If these foreign cars start, an E.R.A. win is unlikely. Remember, the British contestants have never yet had a race, and they cannot be expected to give of their best at their first appearance. What the effect upon the fund would be if E.R.A.'s received a crushing defeat I shudder to think, but it looks as though now it 's a question of neck or nothing, and so all we can do is to wish them good luck.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Engagements

Catherine Bell

Celia Winifred Roundell

Is the daughter of Christopher Foulis Roundell, of 15, Sussex Square, W.2, and the late Lady Maude Roundell, and niece of the Earl of Leitrim. Her fiancé is Christopher R. C. Herbert, only surviving son of Arthur Stewart Herbert, of Cahirnane, Co. Kerry, and Lady Theresa Herbert, of 8, Sydney Place, S.W.7, and nephew of the Earl of Cork and Orrery

Vandyk

Elizabeth Harding

Has announced her engagement to John Congreve, 7th Q.O. Hussars, eldest son of C. R. T. Congreve, of Gorse House, Ootacamund, South India. She is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. Harding, of Birling Manor, Eastdean, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Hilda Mills

Hilda Mills is the younger daughter of J. G. Mills, and of Mrs. Walter Sabey, of Ford House, St. Neots, Hunts.; she is engaged to Oliver Arthur Hacking, elder son of Arthur Hacking, of 63, Great Cumberland Place, W.1, and the late Mrs. Hacking, and nephew of Sir Douglas Hacking, Bt.

Lenare

Kathleen Mary Hudden

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. C. Hudden, of Crossley House, Winterbourne, Somerset. Her fiancé is Anthony W. D. Brooke, Sarawak Civil Service, only son of Capt. and Mrs. Bertram Brooke, and nephew of the Rajah of Sarawak, who recently proclaimed him his heir

Lenare

Petronel Milner

Will be married to Denis Harold Ferens, only son of Viscountess Torrington, of Licsse, Buckfast, Devon, on June 17th, at St. Mary's Abbey, Buckfast. She is the daughter of the late William Milner, of Moore, Cheshire, and Mrs. Milner, of Great Ambrook, Ipplepen, Devon

Peter North

Ann Throckmorton

Ann Barbara Throckmorton, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Courtenay Throckmorton and Lady Throckmorton, and sister of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt., is engaged to marry Baron Ludwig von Twickel, son of the late Baron and Baroness Ferdinand von Twickel, of Ettal, Upper Bavaria

Lenare

Beatrice Elizabeth Field

Is the only daughter of Mr. E. H. Field, M.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Field, of Dormand Cross, Lingfield, Surrey, and is to marry Ian Scott Duffus, elder son of the late A. S. Duffus and Mrs. Duffus, of Trevereux Hill, Limpsfield Chart, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Rossdale

Is the only daughter of Mr. P. M. Rossdale, of South Audley Street, and Mrs. A. Helen Rossdale, of 19a, Pembridge Square, W.2; her fiancé is Henry Emanuel, elder son of the late Samuel H. Emanuel, K.C., and Mrs. Emanuel, of 48, Holland Pk., W.

Catherine Bell

Yvonne Bartlett

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bartlett, of 12a, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1, and is engaged to Hugh Bartholomew, The Border Regiment, son of the late W. Bartholomew and Mrs. Bartholomew, of Plymouth

Paul Drake

Iris Elizabeth Martin

Is engaged to Lieut.-Com. Cyril Bamford, R.N., elder son of Frank Linwood Bamford, of Glasgow. She is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Com. R. W. J. Martin, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Martin, of the Pentire Hotel, Newquay, Cornwall

Lenare

Laurence Morier

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Montgomerie Morier, of 42, Gloucester Square, W.2; she will marry in Geneva in June Michel Demole, son of M. and Mme. Demole, of Avenue Castoldi, Geneva

Lenar.

Elizabeth Iris Cardale

Is the second daughter of the late W. H. Cardale and Mrs. Cardale, of 4, Berkeley Gardens, W.8; she is to marry Desmond O'Brien Evelyn ffrench Blake, 13th-18th Royal Hussars, youngest son of the late Rev. and Mrs. Robert ffrench Blake, of Staple, Kent

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 31—June 6

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer makes her London stage début in a Jacques Deval adaptation, with Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood; cheap seats: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—Patrick Hamilton's thriller with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Milton Rosmer has a short cheap-seats run: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's political harlequinade is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

INQUEST.—From the Embassy, this fair thriller is set in a coroner's court, with Herbert Lomas, Hilda Trevelyan, Antoinette Cellier: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall McGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly pre-matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTH FLOOR.—Rodney Ackland's translation of a French comedy, with Celia Johnson, Joyce Barbour, James Mason in it: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—The rural thriller with Beatrix Lehmann as a too convincing homicidal nymphomaniac maid: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THIRD PARTY RISK.—A good thriller with a new idea in body-line; Nora Swinburne, John Wyse: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

UNEASY LIVING.—A bright new comedy by Florence Kilpatrick, with Iris Hoey, Arthur Hardy, Jack Allen: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WATER CARRIER.—Maurice Schwartz and Genia Schlit in a strong, primitive performance of a Yiddish classic (in Yiddish): Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality; cheap seats: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

Ruth and Billy Ambrose

These two clever American dancers appeared with other members of the Grosvenor House floor show—"Grosvenor Gambols"—in the cabaret for the fourteenth annual dinner and dance of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association at Grosvenor House

REVUDEVILLE No. 120.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30. (Last days.)

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—Glen Byam Shaw produces this play about life in the Welsh valley: Globe, to-night, 31st.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Robert Atkins' production starts the open-air season: Regent's Park, Sat., 3rd.

CINEMAS

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon in a sombre, strong film almost true to Zola's original: Paris.

CARREFOUR (French).—Charles Vanel and Suzy Prim in a complicated tale of a court action, a lost memory and blackmail: Curzon.

DARK VICTORY (American).—Bette Davis makes a tour de force as a socialite girl who meets disaster courageously: Warner.

ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET (American).—Oliver Hardy, Jean Parker, and a lot of elephants. Also Boris Karloff in *The Mysterious Mr. Wong*: London Pavilion.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent, vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Berkeley

JAMAICA INN (British).—This new Pommer film from Daphne du Maurier is a tough, rough period piece about wreckers; Laughton heads a strong cast: Regal.

J'ETAIS UNE AVENTURIÈRE (French).—Edwige Feuillère gets into a lot of scrapes, finishes in Jean Murat's arms: Academy.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS (American).—Richard Greene and Anita Louise support Princess Shirley: New Gallery.

LOUISE (French).—Carpentier's opera makes a film for Grace Moore: Carlton.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

UNION PACIFIC (American).—Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck in a good railway epic: Plaza.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this good film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

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TRISTAN UND ISOLDE (Beecham).—Mon., 5th, 6.30.
RHEINGOLD (Beecham).—Tues., 6th, 8.30.

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YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.—Thurs., 1st, 8.
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GONDOLIERS.—Mon., 5th, 8.
MIKADO.—Tues., 6th, 8.

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(Victoria train departures in brackets)

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MACBETH.—Fri., 2nd, 5.15 [3.45].
NOZZE DI FIGARO.—Sat., 3rd, 6.15 [4.45].

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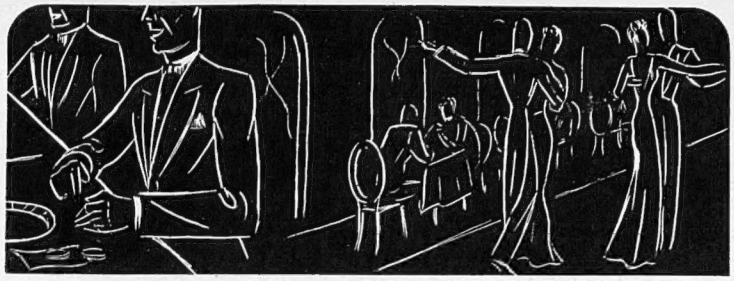

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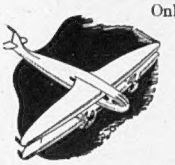

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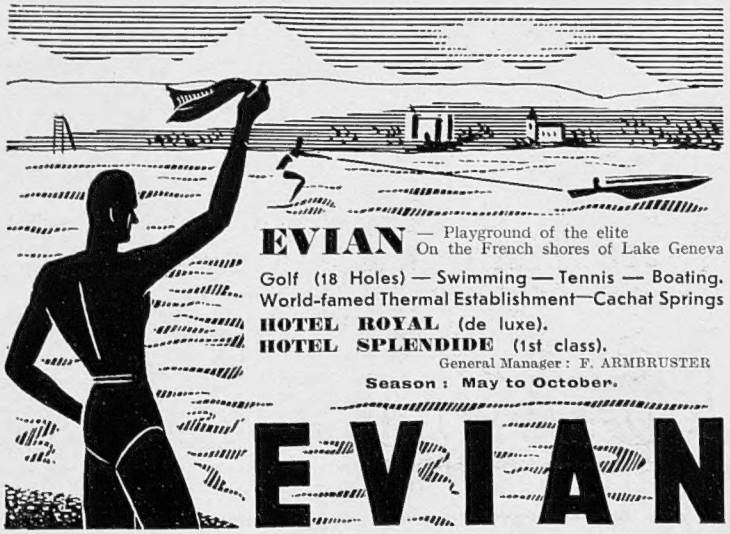

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